

Common Ground

Trends in Race Relations on
the West Coast—A Symposium:

LOS ANGELES: AN EMERGING PATTERN

Carey McWilliams

THE NEGRO IN SAN FRANCISCO Carol Levene

SEATTLE: RACE RELATIONS FRONTIER, 1949

Robert W. O'Brien

"YOU CAN'T LEGISLATE AGAINST

PREJUDICE"—OR CAN YOU? Arnold M. Rose

NOVITIATE Hubert Creekmore

THE THING IN THEIR HEARTS Elizabeth Wolfe

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LETTER TO MAKO TO MEET AGAIN Mitsu Yashima

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TRENDS IN RACE RELATIONS
ON THE WEST COAST—A SYMPOSIUM

LOS ANGELES: AN EMERGING PATTERN

CAREY McWILLIAMS

(How the pattern of race relations is crystallizing on the West Coast since the end of the war is of major importance to the rest of the United States. The enormous wartime migration to the Coast brought thousands of Negroes as well as white Southerners to the great cities. The question for the social scientist was whether the freer, more fluid West might not be able to work out a new and better pattern of race relations under the urgency of the war effort, which could not let Jim Crow stand in the way of production, than the North had done under the great Negro migration from the South during the First World War. For a report on the situation at the beginning of 1949, COMMON GROUND asked Carey McWilliams, Carol Levene, and Robert W. O'Brien to report on Los Angeles, San Francisco, and Seattle, respectively.)

How is one to predict the pattern of social relations in a community the population of which has approximately doubled in two decades with two-thirds of the increase having occurred in the last eight years? In 1930 the population of Los Angeles was 2,208,492; in 1940, 2,785,643; in 1948, 4,309,526. No community on earth could absorb an increase of population of this magnitude in such

a brief period without being shaken to its foundations, and Los Angeles has never been noted for the firmness of its foundations; in fact, it has never acquired any real underpinning or girders. At the present time, the community has not yet "shaken down"; Los Angeles is currently going through another period of flux and change, of confusion and unsettledness; and it will be some years before it will even be possible to undertake the studies on the basis of which something significant might be said about its group relations. From time to time, during the last year, the old residents have said, "Well, the population increase is abating now; perhaps we will soon be able to get a view of the new social landscape"; but no sooner has this hope been voiced than a new avalanche has descended on the community. All one can do in such a situation is to note a few trends, to emphasize several special factors.

II

During the war years Los Angeles made some notable advances in intergroup relations. Prior to 1940 an organized public opinion in support of the fair treatment of minorities did not exist; in fact the only organized opinion on the subject was of the "anti" variety. Public officials

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felt no compunction whatever in sounding off from time to time about this or that minority, and their ignorant denunciations went unchallenged and unrebuted. But after the zoot-suit riots of June 1943, a change of attitude could be noted. The next three years marked a great increase in interest in "the racial question." One could compile a volume made up merely of listings of the meetings, the institutes, the conferences which were devoted to this question, as for the first time one organization and then another began to show an interest in the problem. No one knows, of course, how deeply this ferment penetrated the community consciousness; but it was certainly widespread and, superficially, most effective. Today, for example, all public officials and candidates for public office at least pay lip service to the idea of fair treatment and it would be a particularly stupid candidate indeed who would risk community censure by indulging in forms of race-baiting that prior to 1940 were widespread and endemic.

To a degree, however, the ferment of the years 1943-1946 must be discounted as a form of "crisis patriotism" which has tended to evaporate with the coming of "peace." Today Los Angeles is organizationally ill-prepared to cope with a host of problems which bear, directly or indirectly, upon the future of majority-minority relations. After a year or more of delicate negotiation and patient effort, a Civic Unity Council was finally formed in 1944, the initial impetus for which stemmed from the zoot-suit riots. It was the left-wing elements of the community who were most insistent that such a council be formed. In their zeal to see the council established, these elements, however, in effect stepped aside so that other, more conservative, elements might be induced to support the council and

take part in its activities. I thought this was a mistake at the time, but it seemed the tactful, the expedient, thing to do. But, once the general political situation changed, once the vague "anti-fascism" of the war years was replaced by the bellicose "anti-communism" of the present time, one could see that the council was drifting, or being manipulated into an isolated, marginal position. One by one the progressive elements were dropped from the board, and it was made painfully clear that the council was to represent, not a cross-section of community opinion, but a generally right-wing point of view. I would be the first to admit that the participation of the left-wing mass organizations of Los Angeles in a civic unity council raises a number of serious problems, for these groups are notable for an excess of zeal and a lack of tact and skill in community negotiations; but to deny them any participation was in effect to kill the council. Today the council has been abandoned, although it had ceased to exist in any meaningful sense a year or more before the formal decision was made. The quietness with which it vanished from the scene is perhaps the best measure of its failure to make a deep impression on the community; many people, for example, are under the impression that it is still in existence. Today, therefore, vast, booming, metropolitan Los Angeles is without any effective organization in this field. To be sure, there is a loosely-organized county committee which functions as a "clearing house" and "co-ordinating" body, but this is, needless to say, hardly an adequate substitute.

The fact that the Council for Civic Unity could vanish, unnoticed, unhonored, unsung, is a most disturbing omen. For it indicates that much of the wartime ferment has either spent itself or that it has been carelessly dissipated.

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However, I do not believe that the wartime effort has been entirely wasted. There is still a potentially powerful public opinion on racial issues in Los Angeles which, given another emergency, could be quickly mobilized and reconstituted, although it must be admitted that this opinion is today inert, dormant, unorganized. Of equal importance is the fact that Los Angeles, alone among the large metropolitan communities, is today wholly without any form of community-wide civic organization. When I first came to Los Angeles in 1922, the city had two active, highly influential, well-organized general civic organizations: the Municipal League and the City Club. Neither is in existence today, although the need for civic organization is many times greater than in 1922. When one realizes how closely "minority" issues are related to the tone of general civic well-being, and to the caliber of municipal leadership generally, the seriousness of the present disorganization does not require emphasis.

III

Los Angeles is to be distinguished from other west coast communities, however, in a number of significant respects. It is the only west coast city that had a sizable and fairly well-organized Negro community prior to the war. This community, of course, has shown a spectacular increase since the war; in fact the Negro population of Los Angeles is today approximately the size of the total population of the city in 1900. By and large, the Los Angeles Negro community is progressive, well-organized, and, fortunately, has some excellent leadership. Los Angeles has offered special opportunities, what with the rapid growth of the Negro community and the proximity of the amusement industry, for the rise of a Negro middle class and this, in turn,

accounts for the able leadership which has been developed. There can be no doubt that Los Angeles is destined to be the largest Negro center in the West and one of the largest in the nation; hence the quality of its Negro leadership is of more than local concern.

It is significant that the fight to outlaw restrictive covenants, culminating in the decision in *Shelley v. Kraemer* in May 1948 was deeply influenced by the wartime ferment against racism in Los Angeles. Three years before the Supreme Court decided this case, Judge Thurmond Clarke of the Los Angeles Superior Court had ruled that restrictive covenants violated the Fourteenth Amendment—the first ruling of this kind to be made by an American judge. Still another Los Angeles judge, Stanley Mosk, had also refused to enforce restrictive covenants. In



fact more suits were filed in Los Angeles by Negroes, contesting the validity of restrictive covenants, in the three years prior to the Kraemer case, than were filed by Negroes in the rest of the country. The reasons for this pronounced concentration of activity in Los Angeles were these: a great pressure for Negro housing occasioned by the rapid increase in the Negro population; the existence of a well-to-do, self-confident, rising Negro middle class with the will, the energy, and the funds not merely to purchase homes but to finance law suits; and a

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Negro leadership, legal and otherwise, that rose to the occasion.

In a sense, therefore, Los Angeles was the proving ground where the arguments were tested and the legal ammunition accumulated that later induced the Supreme Court to hand down its memorable decision in *Shelley v. Kraemer*. Loren Miller, brilliant Los Angeles Negro lawyer, who handled a large part of this antecedent litigation in Los Angeles, argued and won the case of *Shelley v. Kraemer* before the Supreme Court. It is significant, also, that Negroes in Los Angeles were encouraged to make this fight by the support they received from other sections of the community. For example, in a number of residential districts a significant number of property owners refused to sign petitions seeking to reimpose covenants. In any case, I would certainly put down the existence of this large, well-organized Negro community in Los Angeles, with its alert, intelligent leadership, as a factor of great importance in any assessment of future trends and developments.

In another respect, also, Los Angeles must be distinguished from other west coast cities. Some years ago the Jewish community council received with great incredulity and considerable amusement a report from its planning committee which predicted that the Jewish population of the city would double in a decade. At the time this report was submitted, in 1938, Los Angeles already had the largest Jewish community in the West, then estimated at 150,000. Today the Jewish community is in excess of 250,000 and is continuing to increase at a most extraordinary rate. Thousands of Jewish migrants, from such cities as New York and Cleveland, Detroit and Chicago, have settled in Los Angeles during the last year. The rate of increase has been so great that the officials of the Jewish com-

munity organizations confess their complete inability to keep in touch with the situation. For example, one group of about sixty families, settling in a new residential district, had organized a congregation and were functioning as a neighborhood community months before the Jewish community, as such, even knew of their existence. Although there has been some increase in the Jewish communities in the other west coast cities, the rate of increase cannot be compared with that in Los Angeles. It is my opinion, for what it may be worth, that the Jewish community in Los Angeles in a decade will become the largest outside New York. Here then is another factor which has an important relevance to the future of "race relations" in Los Angeles.

At the risk of sounding somewhat chauvinistic, it is my conviction that the Los Angeles Jewish community is altogether exceptional. It is undeniably more progressive and also more representative than the old, ingrown, and prestige-conscious Jewry of San Francisco. A remarkable change has come over the Los Angeles community in the last four or five years, which owes a great deal to the statesmanlike qualities of Charles Brown, an outstanding leader in the Jewish community. During his incumbency as president of the local council, Mr. Brown insisted that the council should become thoroughly representative of all elements in Jewish life and that the utmost democracy should prevail in all council activities. Previously there had been a tendency, not unknown in other communities, for a certain type of wealthy leadership to dominate the council. This tendency has been minimized, if not eliminated, in Los Angeles. The arrival in Los Angeles of two new organizational executives, Fred Herzberg of the Community Relations Council and Milton

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Senn of the Anti-Defamation League, has also had a marked effect on the "politics" of intergroup relations in Los Angeles, for both men are thorough-going democrats with an active interest in larger community-wide issues.

The Los Angeles Jewish community is a wealthy community and, despite the extraordinary demands that have been made on its resources by the United Jewish Appeal, it has been more than generous in backing many worth-while community projects. By comparison with the larger community, which is so lacking in organization, the Jewish community is most effectively organized. Hence it has been able to exert both a stabilizing and a stimulating influence on the disorganized community life of Los Angeles. When one realizes that the Jewish community is already larger than the Negro community and that it will almost certainly outstrip the Mexican American community in the next decade, it becomes apparent that this factor alone, namely, the size and character of the Jewish community, serves to set Los Angeles apart from other west coast cities. Largely because of the leadership mentioned, there is a minimum of "left-right" feuding and dissension within the Los Angeles Jewish community, a circumstance which makes it possible for it to throw the full weight of its quite considerable influence into any community-wide issue or project.

There are indications, also, that the large Mexican American community of Los Angeles is reaching a new maturity. Some years ago the American Council on Race Relations sent Fred Ross into the citrus belt communities of Southern California to see what could be done in the way of stimulating grass-roots civic organization in Mexican American settlements. The timing was excellent and the results, although limited, demonstrated

what could be done. Last year the Industrial Areas Foundation of Chicago made it possible for Mr. Ross to continue much this same activity in Los Angeles. Working with the east-side Community Service League, Mr. Ross has made a most promising beginning in Los Angeles. Although it remains to be seen whether the CSL will succeed, it has already struck deeper roots than any similar organization, and its influence is quite perceptible. Some months ago it appeared as though Mr. Ross might be forced to withdraw from this work for lack of funds, but arrangements have now been made which assure its continuance. There can be no doubt that few developments would have a more profound impact on group relations in Los Angeles than the emergence of a stable civic organization in the Mexican American neighborhoods. For many years the absence of such an organization has been the weakest link in the chain of civic organization in the community.

The area in which the most activity among Mexican Americans has centered is one in which Mexican Americans have, in effect, been forced into a close living-and-working intimacy with other groups. For some years now it has been noted that in this area the tendency to speak Spanish in the home has been less pronounced than elsewhere. In the outlying and relatively isolated "pockets" of Mexican American settlement much less activity has occurred. In a general way, therefore, what seems to be happening is that in this area of mixed occupancy a new integration is being achieved which is likely to have a great influence eventually on the outlying settlements. This is merely another way of saying that the growth of self-consciousness, of organization, is proceeding among Mexican Americans at a rather uneven tempo, with some sections showing a much more

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rapid development than others. This interesting process, which has not been studied with the attention it merits, could quite conceivably change the whole pattern of Anglo-Hispano relations in Los Angeles.

In these respects then the Los Angeles situation differs from that in the other west coast cities: it has the largest, best organized Negro community; by far the largest and certainly the most progressive Jewish community; and an extremely large Mexican American community. The influence which these three communities already exert is actually somewhat out of proportion to their size since the lines of established influence and power in Los Angeles have not been drawn with nearly the sharpness that one may observe, say, in San Francisco. The presence of these three large minority "blocs" will have a strong tendency to prevent group relations from crystallizing in an unfavorable pattern.

Since specific information is lacking, it is impossible to appraise the type of readjustment which Japanese Americans have made in Los Angeles. There is certainly no agitation against them and outwardly they seem to have been accepted back into the community with a large and bland indifference. However, it is true that as a group they have not yet recaptured their former economic position. The main reason for this is that during the period of evacuation property values soared to unprecedented heights. The returning evacuees have therefore been unable to buy back into the produce business. On the other hand, they have largely regained their position in the floral industry and without any audible or visible resistance. Currently both the Nisei and their friends are concerned over the Department of Justice's apparent indifference in carrying out the provisions of Public Law No. 886, passed by

the 80th Congress, which provides for the establishment of a claims commission. To date the administration has not appointed field agents or arranged for public hearings or taken other steps to carry the provisions of this law into effect and the time for filing claims will expire on January 2, 1950.

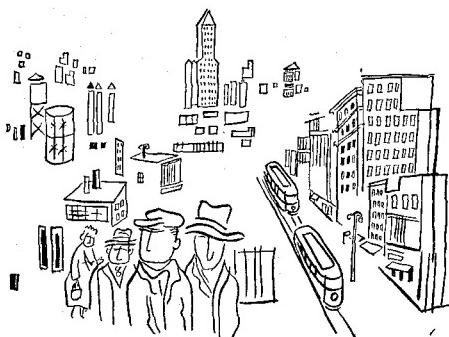
IV

So much, then, for the general situation. But what about the specific detail? Police brutality continues to be a major irritant to group relations in Los Angeles with "incidents" occurring from time to time that have unquestionably aggravated, as they have also reflected, increasing tension in certain areas. There is probably less miscellaneous Jim Crowism in Los Angeles than in any city in the West and, certainly, there is less discrimination in places of public accommodation than in 1940. A few months ago I attended a dinner meeting at the Ambassador Hotel sponsored by a Negro organization; these facilities would not have been available three years ago. Today there is a minimum of discrimination in hotels, restaurants, stores, and places of amusement and entertainment, that is, a minimum by comparison with other west coast cities. The general situation in the schools can also be said to reflect some slight improvement in teacher attitudes, administration policies, and, more particularly, in a new interest which has been created in majority-minority relations. On the other hand, the situation in the hospitals has shown little improvement and the hopes of the community are now more or less centered on the projected West View Interracial Hospital.

Perhaps the most significant test is housing. From its base in the Central Avenue section, the Negro community has expanded westward. Today there are

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perhaps as many Negroes living in the "green lawn" section—the West Jefferson area—as in the Central Avenue district. These two areas are separated by a strip of territory in which are located the University of Southern California, the Automobile Club of Southern California, the Shrine Auditorium, and a cathedral and other institutional structures of the Catholic Church; so that the hooking-up, the linking, of the two districts is not likely. Further west, the old West Adams Heights area is now 60 per



cent Negro-occupied and has become famous as the Sugar Hill of the Los Angeles Negro community. On the opposite side of the street which bounds this tract on the west is Berkeley Square, a real ghetto of the social elite, protected by massive twin stone entrance ways. But Berkeley Square, which serves as the bastion of a large residential area, has already been outflanked, with important Negro outposts to the south, the east, and the north. Once this bastion falls, as it will, the Negro community will push rapidly to the west, between Jefferson and Washington. At present, homes are available for Negroes in areas outside this broad pathway and quite a few sales have been reported since May. The main factor which is checking a wider dispersion is the lack of adequate financing. By comparison with this factor, community resistance assumes a secondary role.

On December 31, 1948 the Anti-Defamation League of Los Angeles issued a long and most comprehensive report on the various efforts that have been made to circumvent the decision in *Shelley v. Kraemer*. Although these efforts have been more sporadic and fitful than one might have imagined, the report does indicate the necessity for state legislation to implement the Supreme Court's decision. For example, the El Monte Realty Board on August 30th expelled one of its members for violating a section of the Realtor's Code of Ethics in selling a home to a Mexican American family. This type of punitive action, of course, can be a serious deterrent, a major brake on the sale of properties. The report also indicates that financial institutions have been trying to sabotage the decision by refusing to make loans to Negroes and Mexican Americans, and that pressure campaigns have been organized in various sections to keep homeowners from selling to Negroes. Most of this resistance has developed, however, in outlying suburban areas in which there has always been a pronounced "Dixie" coloration, notably in Compton and El Monte. To meet the situation which is so carefully documented in this excellent report a bill has been introduced in the legislature to make it illegal to impose racial restrictions or to attempt, by subterfuges of one kind or another, to circumvent the Supreme Court's decision. More significant perhaps than these delaying tactics is the fact that the campaign of the Los Angeles Realty Board to sponsor a constitutional amendment which would retroactively validate covenants, and thus overrule *Shelley v. Kraemer*, seems to have aroused little interest or support.

To sum up, therefore, one can say that the pattern of intergroup relations

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has shown some improvement in Los Angeles: that a notable change in public opinion has taken place; and that the postwar pattern, still unsettled, is quite unlikely to follow that of the prewar period. Important factors distinguish the Los Angeles scene from that in the other west coast cities and these factors, on balance, would seem to tip the scales in favor of a more equitable, a fairer treatment of racial and other minorities. No one can predict, of course, what will happen when the first major economic dislocations take place, for no one knows precisely what changes have taken place in the community since the war or, for that matter, what changes are taking place at the present time with thousands of newcomers arriving every month. Los

Angeles is already suffering from growing pains, with community services showing the familiar tendency to lag behind population growth, and the real day of reckoning has not arrived. But the main point to be emphasized is that in this city, where social relations are notoriously fluid, the new, the emergent pattern always differs from the old. I have no idea what the pattern of its new phase will be, but I am quite sure that it will not resemble the old.

The latest of Carey McWilliams' many books on minority groups is *North From Mexico—The Spanish-Speaking People of the United States*, published by Lippincott in January.

The sketches are by Miné Okubo.

TRENDS IN RACE RELATIONS ON THE WEST COAST—A SYMPOSIUM

THE NEGRO IN SAN FRANCISCO

CAROL LEVENE

A STORY went around London during the war concerning Private William Saroyan, whose classification was "writer" and who was accordingly assigned to a truck depot to gather material for a training manual on the loading and unloading of trucks. Private Saroyan, it is reported, observed the operations for three weeks, took copious notes, returned to London, and sat down at a typewriter. The training manual was overdue; Private Saroyan's next in command urged him to turn something in—anything. So he typed out one sentence and turned it in: "It is difficult to load a truck."

After many weeks of observing the situation of the Negro in San Francisco

and assembling exhaustive notes, I am tempted to take refuge in a paraphrase of Saroyan: "It is difficult for a Negro to live in San Francisco." But here, at any rate, is a brief picture of the situation as I see it, and an attempt to evaluate the factors contributing to the degree of difficulty and the counter-forces at work and projected which may tend to lessen the problems.

II

San Francisco is generally considered the "cosmopolitan city of the West," but if cosmopolitan means "free from local, provincial or national ideas, prejudices or attachments" (*American College Dictionary*), this role needs to be ana-

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lyzed. Certain facts have helped mold the cosmopolitan atmosphere of San Francisco: the geographical fact that the westering impulse ends at this seaport, the historical fact that the Oriental has been imported since the Gold Rush for his labor, the topographical fact that San Francisco's hills and Bay offer Olympian vistas, and the meteorological fact that prevailing westerlies have contributed buoyancy and zest to San Franciscans. Traditionally, the San Franciscan has enjoyed the role of the cosmopolite with very little questioning of its obligations. The average resident has failed to mark the contradictions in the alternate importing and banishing of Oriental labor, or in the proud display to tourists of such well-defined colonies as Chinatown, North Beach, and "Little Harlem"; has not recognized the genuinely colonial aspects of these areas.

There is considerable evidence that the Negro's plight in San Francisco today is worse than the average San Franciscan thinks, and that it is likely to worsen behind the protective coating of cosmopolitanism. There is evidence, on the other hand, that San Francisco's claim to "freedom from local, provincial or national ideas, prejudices or attachments" could become an increasingly valid one.

The conflict of these negative and positive forces was enormously sharpened by the deep-reaching changes World War II brought to the city. There was immense growth in the Negro population, for one thing—reckoned as an 800 per cent increase. The 1940 Census gave the Negro population as 4,846; a special census in August 1945 (the last firm figure available) revealed 32,001 Negroes; and the present estimates vary from 42,000 to 55,000.

Housing was, of course, the most immediate problem for these in-migrants. The original group of Negroes in San

Francisco lived principally in the Fillmore area, a mixed district containing minorities and low-income whites. A scattering of Negroes was also found in North Beach, a predominantly Italian American area contiguous to Chinatown, and south of Market Street, an industrial district full of warehouses and cheap hotel-rooming houses. The wartime influx of Negroes was crowded mainly into the Fillmore area, filling up the Japanese-evacuated dwellings and increasing the square-block density of population in an already blighted area. A smaller group found quarters in segregated public housing units at Hunter's Point, an area south of the main part of the city, lying along the Bay and surrounded by factories and slaughter houses. The pattern of small clusters in North Beach and south of Market continued. At present, the largest number of Negroes lives in an enlarged version of the original Fillmore area; the next largest in the Hunter's Point projects and surrounding private dwelling areas. The Fillmore area has, according to recent precinct studies, become an almost entirely Negro-occupied district. The Hunter's Point projects, by the simple fact of a policy of segregated occupancy, are entirely Negro.

The District Attorney's office and the City Planning Commission have both made studies of the housing shortage. The Planning Commission study deals with the "Western Addition," a centrally located "blighted area" which contains the Fillmore district; and the District Attorney's study deals with sample blocks within the Fillmore area itself. The Western Addition study, released in November 1947, surveyed an area of $2\frac{1}{4}$ square miles, housing 86,000 persons, 26 per cent of whom were Negro, 4 per cent Japanese, 5 per cent Chinese and others, and the remainder white. It points out that the population figure

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exceeds by some 2 or 3 thousand persons the total population housed in 12 square miles in San Jose, an industrial and farm center 50 miles south of San Francisco. Its description of the Western Addition will serve as an almost complete picture of the Fillmore area itself:

"In common with other blighted areas, the Western Addition is characterized by a mixed pattern of land use—auto repair shops next to residences, large commercial laundries across the street from once pleasant homes, rows of hole-in-the-wall cafes, record shops, barbershops, beauty parlors, cleaning and pressing establishments built onto the fronts of three story houses that were long ago divided into 'rooms for light housekeeping,' garages and bakeries next to schools, warehouses in the midst of small stores, block long frontages of junk shops opposite wholesale grocery establishments and bottling works, evangelism churches in decrepit stores, plumbing shops and novelty manufacturing enterprises in the basements of old residences and apartment buildings. This indiscriminate mixture of commercial, industrial and residential and institutional uses was prevalent in the district years before the first zoning ordinance was enacted in 1921. Inadequacies of this ordinance served merely to make a bad situation worse. Although the district is primarily a residential area, only about one tenth of all the blocks is entirely free of commercial or industrial establishments."

The lots in this area are long, narrow plots, usually 25 feet by 137.5 feet, presenting a solid façade of what the study calls "a museum of architectural styles." Behind this façade, another dwelling world has developed, composed of foundationless sheds, jerry-built cottages, junk, lumber, rubbish—a serious fire hazard and a recognized paradise for rats. The study states that "behind these varied

exteriors, building inspectors and public health nurses find thousands of sub-standard units, overcrowded, improperly heated, without cooking, toilet or bathing facilities for the exclusive use of the occupants—poorly lighted and ventilated, lacking safe egress in the event of fire, dirty and in disrepair."

The conclusion of this study, directed toward the ultimate redevelopment of the area under state legislation, was that the Western Addition is a "blighted area" characterized by mixed land use, crowding, lack of play space; that it is only "a matter of time until it becomes a slum." The District Attorney's report on selected blocks within the Fillmore section defines that area as already a "slum," based on U.S. Census Bureau definitions. The Planning Commission study concludes that "Nothing short of a clean sweep and a new start can make the district a genuinely good place in which to live." In these statements in general the District Attorney's three reports on housing conditions in San Francisco heartily concur; but the proposed remedy by the "clean sweep" method brings the two studies into sharp conflict and reflects the differences in approach not only of these two city departments, but of representative organizations in the community as well.

A city ordinance has been passed, designating the area as blighted, a necessary first step under California's permissive redevelopment legislation; but according to the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP) and the Federation for a Peoples' Redevelopment Plan, the Redevelopment Agency as presently constituted proposes to eliminate this "blighted area" without proper safeguards for the relocation of the minority peoples now living there—without guarantees of public housing and/or low-income private rentals on a

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non-segregated basis being made available. The groups in the community seeking these safeguards and guarantees contend therefore that the ordinance will not benefit the great majority now living in this area. A member of the Housing Committee of the San Francisco CIO Council reports, in substantiation of this contention, that an officer of the Redevelopment Agency made the following answers to his questions:

- Q. What will be the position of the Redevelopment Agency on segregation? Will covenants be written?
- A. Redevelopment will be a tough problem. The big companies (private home-builders) will have the say, and the Agency will not be in a position to dictate terms to them.
- Q. Will there be public housing, in the event Proposition 14 passes? (This refers to a State Housing Initiative, subsequently defeated on the November 1948 ballot.)
- A. Public housing will be built somewhere. There is no reason why it should be built in this area.
- Q. Will there be moderate income housing?
- A. If the big companies don't find it economical there is no way of forcing them . . . for the good of the city, some people will have to suffer.

The District Attorney's housing report, on the other hand, points out that, "Any slum clearance program or urban redevelopment program inevitably must fail unless an adequate public housing program is designed to accompany it." It urges a public housing program, without which "crime, disease and other social ills will necessarily continue," and suggests that "The private home building industry must cease its efforts to obstruct any well-conceived public housing program, or it will be condemned for short-

sighted self-interest." Further, an amendment to the Redevelopment Act is recommended in order to permit "former owners of the property the right to first priority when the area is offered for public sale or that former occupants of the redevelopment area be insured of decent housing in other areas." The final report, including a comprehensive house-by-house study of a sample six-block area in the Fillmore district, concludes with this statement: "Without the general recognition on the part of all intelligent citizens of the implications of the failure to meet this housing crisis, this office believes that future progress may be negated and progress made to date become abortive."

At the time the ordinance designed to enable San Francisco to proceed with redevelopment plans was under consideration in the latter part of 1948, another introduced by the CIO Council was defeated and one prepared by the Council for Civic Unity went only as far as a preliminary hearing. At present, the ordinance passed simply designates the area as "blighted," and a spokesman for the Council for Civic Unity states that their ordinance, due to "legal technicalities in the State Act," may be offered as a resolution to provide certain guarantees against discrimination in the projected plans.

The essentially "San Francisco factor"—and one of the most hopeful ones—in this picture of the housing problem is that in the face of population growth and a universal housing shortage, the traditional stand of the private home builder in a heavily covenanted area has been cogently challenged not only by the usual community groups but by a city department—a District Attorney's office which is convinced that prevention is the better part of law enforcement. The researches done by and for the District Attorney's

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office are—as far as I know—a unique community service.

Another study done for this office concerns "The Negro and Crime in San Francisco" and was based on a special period of observation during July, August, and September of 1947. According to its findings, the Negro in San Francisco showed a greater percentage of arrests than his percentage in the total population, but the conclusions reached by the study actually represent an almost complete extenuation of this fact: "1. The Negro's over-proportion in the crime of San Francisco is not a racial but a sociological or community problem. 2. His proportions in the crime will level off to normalcy when differentials weighing heavily against him in liability to be arrested, and in opportunities to gain legitimate employment and better housing accommodations, have been removed, and when his adjustment to this community has become more permanent. 3. The handicaps with which the Negro

and the courts are to be complimented upon seeing their duty to prosecute and penalize the same whether crimes committed are intraracial or interracial. 6. The Negro is directly in need of an opportunity for better housing as a crime-reducing factor, and it appears that such housing may best be provided through unsegregated housing projects."

In support of these conclusions, the study cites the fact that there is a much higher frequency of crime among Negroes in the congested "vice-infested" Fillmore area than among Negroes in the less congested and recreationally better equipped Hunter's Point area. The Western Addition study underscores the point by counting, in the Fillmore section, 71 bars, 45 liquor stores, and "numerous bookie outfits in disguise, 'hotels' that accommodate members of the 'world's oldest profession'—pool halls, quasi-social clubs and pinball parlors" and goes on to explain that "what they offer is not drink or a hot tip on the races or vice or rowdy sociability, so much as a temporary escape from the drabness and misery of life in cramped, unsanitary quarters." The report on crime also devotes considerable space to documented opinion that "prominent among the crimes that the Negro has frequency in are those which enrich him with financial gain," and that much of this crime is definitely and directly traceable to "discriminatory tactics which greet the Negro on every hand in the fields of legitimate employment."



(in-migrant) suffers by reason of his predominantly southern background must be considered, and in that sense the South's backwardness in its treatment of the Negro becomes a national problem. 4. The criminal courts in San Francisco dispense justice without regard to race or color. 5. The District Attorney's office

III

And now the San Francisco cosmopolite must take a long, clear, hard look at this matter of the Negro and jobs before he gets carried away with the beautiful fiction that his city is currently offering anything like equal job opportunities to all its willing and able citizens.

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The job picture is bleaker than the housing story, if that is possible. It is also much more difficult to gather information on employment, since a labor force doesn't stand still to be counted. One estimate was furnished me by a union welfare officer who works directly with State Employment and City Wel-



fare officers—upwards of forty per cent of the Negro labor force in San Francisco is unemployed as of January 1949.

About one fourth of the Negro labor force is organized, with roughly 9 per cent belonging to AFL unions and 14 per cent to cio. It is in the latter grouping, where the Negro is heavily employed in waterfront and warehouse industry, that much present unemployment exists. General employment is at a very low level in these occupations, and therefore the Negro suffers in numbers disproportionate to his total labor force. Negro men and women both were employed by the Municipal Railways during the war, and some have remained, securing permanent civil-service status. The union having jurisdiction over platform men reports a 10 per cent Negro membership, but adds that the current change-over to one-man operated buses is cutting down the total force employed. The possibility of new job openings in trades and crafts under certain AFL jurisdiction is indicated by a few recent successes of the local Urban League, which has broken down some

union barriers through the co-operation of a newly formed local AFL Committee to Combat Intolerance. But San Francisco is principally a banking, shipping, and insurance center, whose number-two industry is printing. It is clear to anyone who has studied Negro employment in these enterprises and industries in any locality that, short of a good FEPC law, the Negro in San Francisco is likely to have little opportunity to secure a job in these fields.

What then is he to do? One answer was given in a legend that seems to persist: in 1945, the tale goes, an official organization of businessmen suggested to some state and city agencies that since they had no intention of employing Negro ex-war-workers, they would, rather than pay unemployment taxes, prefer to give each Negro in-migrant \$200 cash and a ticket home. Much better authenticated is the news that the San Francisco branch of the NAACP, a militant organization in this city, will soon call an All-Negro Organization "Job Opportunities" Conference. This will be an effort to unite the Negro community behind the slogan "Buy Where You Can Work" and to implement this slogan with picket lines and demonstrations in the Fillmore and Hunter's Point shopping areas, possibly including some downtown stores. The San Francisco cio Council is also planning a conference on unemployment, with one panel devoted to minorities. And, finally, there is the Council for Civic Unity (this organization's fifth year), which lists these objectives under Employment in its agenda for 1949: "Open employment opportunities to all qualified and willing workers; urge adequate training opportunities for all who wish to qualify themselves. This will involve in part: a. Closer work with related agencies, employer and labor groups. b. Study and action concerning the respon-

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sibilities of government to help solve the employment problems of minority group members."

Although no figures are available as I write, it is reported that the high number of Negro-unemployed in San Francisco is sharply reflected in increased relief services to the young and middle-aged groups.

A number of disquieting reports are also available on forms of discrimination other than employment and housing. One attorney reports a great increase in cases involving alleged violations of the California Civil Rights Code in both bars and restaurants, and several agencies working in the field state their conviction that discrimination is being subtly and carefully practiced in almost all the privately operated vocational, trades, or business schools. Police training in the understanding of minorities is urged by several civic groups, and in the opinion of one official of one of these groups, no Negro who is arrested escapes some degree of police brutality.

It is clear that the Negro in San Francisco faces severe difficulties. His plight is recognized in certain official quarters, particularly where statistics are intelligently related to sociological factors, but there is no mobilization for unified community action. Plans, conferences, and studies may succeed in chipping away gently at the massive problem, but they may also serve only to lull the liberal elements in the population into the misconception that where there is so much conference smoke there must be the fires of achievement.

IV

But what of the positive forces at work in the community? Three items may indicate quickly the nature and scope of some of these. A new Superintendent of Public Instruction had barely unpacked

his books and hung up his hat when he announced that he was importing a Negro educator from outside California to fill an elementary school principalship. The appointment received favorable press comment, and the principal has been peacefully and successfully managing both a mixed faculty and mixed student body. California employers and institutions have been frequently criticized for alleged native-born preferences, yet this appointment, compounding importation with the placement of a non-white in authority over whites, not only enjoyed lack of criticism but was greeted with enthusiasm. As another straw in the wind, there was the case of one daily newspaper which recently published several pretty luridly handled front-page stories dealing with "stabblings" by a "Negro gang" in a Junior High School. The other dailies played the story as straight news, with one paper omitting it entirely. Immediate investigation by the school authorities and the Council for Civic Unity resulted in the revelation that, with the exception of the original incident, not primarily a racially based attack, the stabbing stories were a hoax perpetrated by several students. These students have been disciplined by the Juvenile Court and an intergroup relations expert has been released by the school department for full-time duties in this field. Again, a newly formed "Liaison Committee," comprising representatives of the American Jewish Congress, the NAACP, and the Japanese American Citizens' League, was apprised of discriminatory firings in alleged violation of a union contract in a local warehouse. The Committee sent a letter to the offending warehouse, and all evidence is that discrimination in firing has now entirely ceased. This indicates extraordinary sensitivity to representative community pressure on a validly contracted

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matter, a sensitivity that could be assumed as a positive force in the event of enactment of local, state, or federal FEPC measures.

Although I have been concerned here almost entirely with discrimination, a study of prejudice against the Negro in San Francisco would be equally fruitful. Unfortunately evidences of prejudice are harder to come by than the direct results of discrimination in housing or employment. A scientific study of attitudes toward minority groups in this area would be a profitable undertaking for some agency. Lacking such material, I offer the following as an indication of the probable temper of San Franciscans. In 1946, a year of almost top-level employment, an FEPC measure was placed on the California ballot through the voluntary collection of over a quarter of a million signatures. The measure was modeled rather closely on the New York law and had the open and active support of trade unions, church groups, educators, etc. The groups working directly for the passage of the law went into the campaign confident that although the vote might be close in some areas it stood better than a 50 per cent chance of passage. Yet it was overwhelmingly defeated at the polls, with the San Francisco "No" vote just as impressive as the rest of the state's "No's." There were, of course, many factors to be considered in this defeat, but it is clear that the confidence of those of us who backed the bill was based at least in part on a lack of knowledge of the existence of widespread prejudice.

What, then, is the future of the Negro in San Francisco? It would appear that if decent housing isn't provided, job discrimination greatly cut down, and educational opportunities broadened, the pattern of disproportionate Negro crime can be expected to continue and to intensify, with its concomitant strictures on all Negroes. It would also seem that if voluntary and private organization pressures fail and the present Community Redevelopment Plans are carried out, Negro families (as well as those of other non-whites and foreign-born) will literally "have no place to go"—unless that legendary offer of \$200 and a one-way ticket home is renewed.

What will happen in the next two years to the Negro in San Francisco—and necessarily to San Francisco itself—will be determined in large part by just how valid San Franciscans can make, or want to make, their claim to cosmopolitanism.

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The illustrations are by Miné Okubo.

TRENDS IN RACE RELATIONS
ON THE WEST COAST—A SYMPOSIUM

SEATTLE: RACE RELATIONS FRONTIER, 1949

ROBERT W. O'BRIEN

TWENTY YEARS AGO race relations in the Pacific Northwest were characterized by a story contrasting the states of Washington and Texas. In Texas, the story goes, a person of color could make money but was denied the privilege of spending it where he wished. In Seattle, a citizen of any race could spend money, but only Caucasians could find employment.

In 1949 sectional differences are not so pronounced. Seattle enjoys its reputation as one of the "best" cities on the Pacific Coast in terms of socio-economic opportunities for ethnic minorities. This reputation is not unmerited in a community unwilling to leave entirely to chance the integration of its racial minorities into the work structure and social pattern of the area. With the fourfold increase of the Negro population from 3,866 in the Seattle-Bremerton area in 1940 to about 16,000 permanent residents today, there has been a parallel if not corresponding growth of Community Fund and private agencies working on the problems of the new migrants.

The factor which justifies the use of the words race relations frontier in my title, however, is not simply the dozen active organizations working together to promote job opportunities, housing facilities, and recreational and civic participation for all citizens. The unique factor in the local situation has been the willingness of these agencies to co-operate with the University of Washington in doing specific research on problems of

minorities, and then to use the results of this research in community planning.

II

Seattle is perhaps unique in its racial composition in that in each census period since its founding the Negro has at no time until the present been the dominant non-Caucasian group. In the early history of the community the Chinese were the most numerous racial minority in Seattle. By 1900 the Japanese outnumbered all other ethnic groups in the population, and they held the dominant position until their forced evacuation in 1942. Then, with the systematic recruiting of airplane and shipyard workers from the rural areas of the South, the Negro population of the metropolitan area increased from a 1940 Census figure of 3,789 for Seattle and 77 for nearby Bremerton to a 1945 high of 16,000 and 4,617 respectively. Today's population is believed to have stabilized at 14,600 Negroes for Seattle and 1,800 for Bremerton. In contrast, the Japanese population of 4,900 is only a little over two-thirds as large as that of pre-evacuation days, while the Chinese, Filipino, and American Indian populations have shown steady gains to reach 2,600, 1,700, and 1,000 respectively.

The most significant changes have occurred in the Japanese community where the American-born Nisei have moved into positions of leadership and control. In 1940 there were almost two Issei who were gainfully employed for every Nisei,

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but today there are more Nisei than Issei workers. As a result, a transformation of the relative status of the two generations is occurring, for, although the older generation still retains significant controls over the capital wealth in the community, it is increasingly forced to recognize the independence of the Nisei. With the median age of the Issei males at 63, the older generation will rapidly become a negligible element in the labor force.

Evacuation undermined the economy of the Japanese community, and many who might have maintained a secure economic position do not enjoy such stability today. In prewar years Japanese Americans operated 206 hotels, 140 groceries, 94 cleaning establishments, 64 market stands, and 57 wholesale produce houses, the majority of which catered to Caucasian trade. Today there are only a handful of these establishments, except for the hotel operators; and they are dependent upon the trade of the Japanese community or the polyethnic population of the area. Close integration with the larger economy of Seattle has yet to be achieved.

The decline of the Japanese American enterprises has resulted in a corresponding decrease in the number of clerical workers employed in such businesses. On the other hand, these workers and many others have been absorbed into the larger community economy, a net gain for integration of individuals into the general work force. Private employers, civil service, public housing, public schools, and the University, for example, have employed Nisei secretaries in increasing numbers since their return in 1945. The number of Nisei and Issei in teaching positions at the University of Washington is twice what it was before the war, with 12 persons of Japanese ancestry on the teaching staffs of Art, Far Eastern

Institute, Geography, Mathematics, Pharmacy, and Sociology. Still the employment picture for Japanese Americans, while better than that of other minority groups, is far from satisfactory. Many Nisei are taking jobs which do not utilize their skills, training, or abilities. An estimated 10 per cent of the employable population is at present unemployed.

These problems of employment, and also of course of housing, have received the major attention of the dozen agencies in the field of intergroup relations as well as of the specific research groups. The first postwar study was an analysis of the Seattle Japanese community, conducted for the Sociology Department of the University of Washington and the Department of Interior. I have already summarized the findings of the employment phases of the study; as to housing, 42 per cent reported that it was worse than before evacuation, and the majority expressed concern with the overcrowding and the lack of privacy.

Later in 1947 the Civic Unity Committee, in co-operation with the Sociology Department of the University, conducted a major inquiry into the changing ethnic composition of the population in the Seattle area, together with a survey of relative overcrowding and underemployment of each group. The results estimated the non-Caucasian population at 24,471 out of a total population of 398,103. The survey indicated that only 5 per cent of the white population was reported living with a housing ratio of more than one person per room, while the number of non-Caucasians in that category was 37 per cent. The per cent of unemployed whites in the labor force was 3.1; that of Negroes 16.6; while that of other non-whites was 4.1 unemployed. Figures from this study have been made available by the public housing and employment services in developing programs for

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better integration of ethnic minorities, and have also formed the basis for action by social agencies and the State Committee on Fair Employment.

A more detailed study of job opportunities for racial minorities in the Seattle area was conducted by the Institute of Labor Economics of the University in co-operation with the Civic Unity Committee in the summer of 1948. Of the 181 firms selected by random sample and stratified by industrial classification, 118 reported having no employees of racial minority groups, and 77 of these 118 indicated an unwillingness to hire any such employees. It should be pointed out that the 63 firms of the 181 studied which did employ minority group members represent nearly 60 per cent of the employees in the industries. The placement of non-whites by the Public Employment Service was 21.51 per cent of the total placements in 1945, yet by 1948 it had decreased to 7.72 per cent. With a currently high rate of unemployment among Negro and Japanese members of the work force, the problem of finding jobs through regular channels became more than an academic one, and the community agencies faced a tough problem. During 1948 the Seattle Urban League placed 327 non-white persons in jobs and recruited 500 agricultural workers. Thirteen employers opened to non-Caucasians jobs which had not previously been available to them. In nearby Bremerton upgrading of Negroes in the Navy Yard has occurred, and Negroes have been hired in such positions as field representative of the Campfire Girls, Executive Secretary of the Kitsap County Anti-Tuberculosis League, and Project Director of the Housing Authority. Since the war six Negro teachers have been hired in the Seattle public schools, and the number of employed Negro professional workers in the community has tripled. Even with these

successes, however, it is the consensus of those concerned with the problem of full utilization of the local work force that the volunteer educational program of the community on the full use of non-white workers must be supplemented by a state-wide fair employment act. Such a bill has been introduced in the 1949 Washington legislature by Senator Westburg (Republican) and by Representative Ford (Democrat), and it is conceded a good chance of passing.

III

With widespread and rapid dispersion of the non-white population being limited by "gentlemen's agreements" of real-estate men, which restrict the sale of property to members of minority groups to four major areas of concentration in Seattle, the in-migrants are faced with overcrowding and poor prospects for decent housing. The bright spot in the local picture has been the Seattle Housing Authority, which has consistently refused to set up segregated housing for non-Caucasians or to place non-whites in racial "islands" of segregation within the existing projects. Minority group tenants are integrated not only into the living program but also into the educational and recreational program of these projects. The problems of interpretation prerequisite to such an integrated living pattern have been most acute in the "temporary" war housing projects still being used in this overcrowded area.

During the spring of 1948 a number of disturbing events occurred in Duwamish Bend Homes, one of the war-emergency public-housing projects still in temporary use. First, a long strike at the Boeing Aircraft Company created unemployment and uncertainty for an estimated 30 per cent of the 1,044 families living there. Second, there was a series of racial incidents of a disturbing nature.

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Fear of the consequences of accumulating tensions moved the management of the housing project and the Seattle Urban League to request the Sociology Department and the Public Opinion Laboratory of the University of Washington to make a quick survey of the situation. The fragmentary evidence pointed to the ugly possibility of rioting or other violence.

Quick action was necessary. The need for the study was made known to the University group late one Wednesday afternoon, and by the next Sunday evening the survey had been pretested, financed (by the Urban League, the Mayor, and the University), a representative sample of 308 families had been interviewed, and the results of the interviews tabulated.

Perspective was secured on racial tensions by means of an open-ended question: "What do you like and what don't you like about Duwamish Bend Homes?" Although the ratio of things disliked to things liked was about four to one, racial irritations were not among the most frequently offered complaints. Most respondents deplored the physical inadequacies of the dwellings, the lack of recreational facilities, the inconvenience of facilities. On the credit side were mentioned the location of the project, the attitudes and policies of management, the low rent, and the friendliness of neighbors.

The study showed that while race riots were not imminent there were areas of hostility, and that morale within the project was not high. Management of the Duwamish Bend Homes began to act on the basis of the survey. Improvements were made in physical facilities; community contests were sponsored with prizes going to those families making the most improvement in home-beautifying each month; and students from the Uni-

versity were recruited for organizing YMCA, YWCA, Girl Scout, and Campfire Girl clubs within the project on an interracial membership basis. The effectiveness of the overall program is being tested by a resurvey one year later.

In September 1948, a racial issue flared up in the all-white Broadview community when a mixed white-Negro family established residence. There had been earlier charges that anti-Semitic and anti-Catholic feelings existed in the area. Tensions became focused, however, when petitions were circulated requesting that the family be forced to move. In view of the petitions and the threatening telephone calls, the family asked the Urban League for assistance in working out better relationships. As a result, contacts were made with various neighborhood leaders in an effort to establish cordial relationships for the family.

These leaders formed a committee consisting of educators, businessmen, housewives, and various clergymen, both Protestant and Catholic, to ascertain what constructive steps might be taken to work out the adjustment of the new family to the community and the community to the family. As the committee discussed the problem further, it was decided that more facts were needed on the opinions and attitudes of the householders of Broadview in order to ascertain the extent and degree of tensions. Accordingly, the committee requested the Urban League and the Sociology Department of the University to make a survey.

At the same time that the request for the Broadview Study was made by the local citizens committee, the realtor who had sold the property to the mixed white-Negro family was called before the Seattle Realty Board to defend his actions. Opposition real-estate men pointed out that the property in the area had been badly depreciated by the sale, and that 90 per

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cent of the residents had signed petitions urging that the family move. A member of the Urban League Board, a member of the Civic Unity Committee, and the president of the Seattle Council of Social Agencies appeared at the hearing representing the public interest in the matter, and took the position that the creation of artificial ghettos and overcrowded slum areas by the device of racial and religious restricted covenants was against the public welfare. It was the first time this view had been presented to the Board.

In the meantime, 304 residents of the Broadway community were interviewed in the survey, 35 others refused to give information, and no contact was made at 67 places during the two days of interviewing. The results were surprising. Only 10 per cent of the residents felt that property values had decreased recently, while 50 per cent believed that values had increased. Many respondents were not even aware that a Negro family was living in the area. On the question of signing a petition to keep Negroes out of the neighborhood, only 8 per cent said they had signed such a petition, although nearly 50 per cent indicated that they would be willing to sign such a petition. (Real-estate men before the Board hearing, it will be remembered, had claimed that 90 per cent of the residents had signed such a petition.) Despite the fact that three-fifths of the respondents did not favor Negroes living in the neighborhood, more than 90 per cent said that they would not go out of their way to make people of a different racial group feel unwanted. Seventeen per cent said they would go out of their way "to make them feel wanted," and 19 per cent said they would sign a petition "to protect the right" of a Negro family to live in the neighborhood.

The study findings do imply the pres-

ence in the neighborhood of a potentially articulate minority who feel quite strongly about keeping Broadview an all-white and perhaps an all-Gentile area. It seems likely that this group is represented among the 5 per cent who would go out of their way to make a family of another race feel unwanted, and among the 8 per cent who had signed a petition to get the family out. If active, such a group, though small, can do much to influence less strongly motivated people toward greater anti-minority attitudes. This intolerant minority, however, is balanced by a minority who feel strongly that democracy can be practiced in daily life. The latter group is represented among the 36 per cent who are willing to have Negroes in Broadview; among the 17 per cent who would go out of their way to make a family of a different racial group feel wanted; and by the Broadview Committee, which, being organized, can be a strong force for influencing the people who feel less strongly about democratic principles to implement the democracy they would all say they believed in. It is upon the findings of the University survey (which covers many items not mentioned in this report) and the conclusions I have listed here that the local committee of residents is basing its program of self-education and community planning.

Probably the most comprehensive local research on problems of attitudes and behavior toward minority groups is the Sociometric Study of Franklin and Garfield High School Students now being made by the Sociology Department of the University of Washington. Thirty-six hundred high school students representing the entire student body of Seattle's two most cosmopolitan secondary schools have completed schedules which give not only their ethnic, religious, and socio-economic backgrounds,

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but also their friendship patterns for various types of activities. As these cards are correlated, it will be possible not only to discover the amount of in-group and out-group selection of friends but, in terms of background and organizational affiliation, which individuals are selected by out-groups, and who the individuals are who select out-group friends. This project, which has been underway for nearly a year, has been underwritten principally by the University, although financial support has been received from the Seattle Council of Jewish Women, the Seattle Urban League, and the American Jewish Committee in New York City.

IV

The picture of race relations in Seattle is not wholly one of research and its application, though that is the dominant note. The Civic Unity Committee and the Seattle Urban League have been instrumental in opening up public and private recreational facilities under a policy of non-segregation; they have been active in encouraging the upgrading of minority group individuals in employment, in setting up community councils on a non-segregated basis, in providing more housing than was needed for the convention of the National Association of Colored Women which met in Seattle in August 1948, and even in removing racial restrictions from fishing derbies. These two Community Fund agencies are aided in their work by two specific area organizations which have made great progress during the past year, the Neighborhood House and the Jackson Street Community Council. In achieving many of the objectives common to intergroup relations, the four Fund agencies are banded together into a Coordinating Council, which includes among other organizations the American Friends Service Committee, the Christian Friends of

Racial Equality, the Japanese American Citizens League, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the National Conference of Christians and Jews, and the Anti-Defamation League.

A new tradition in race relations in Seattle was initiated on New Year's Day of 1949. Two hundred citizens representing the four major religious groups—Catholic, Protestant, Jewish, and Buddhist—and the major racial and ethnic populations staged a progressive party, visiting successively at the homes of the president of the University of Washington, a member of the Seattle City Council, a Chinese merchant, and a Negro dentist. Thus, in typical Western manner, a tradition was planned, born, and established.

Whatever may be Seattle's shortcomings, the leadership of the community has an awareness of the problems resulting from unequal opportunities for employment, housing, and civic participation on the part of any of its citizens. It currently has a disposition to explore this frontier with the best techniques of research and to bolster its pioneer democratic traditions by establishing new traditions if necessary.

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NOVITIATE

HUBERT CREEKMORE

THERE it lay in the red washed-out ditch. At first he almost passed it by, thinking it a stone instead of a marble; for the fine dust had piled over it, obscuring its shine except for one bright surface that caught the spring sunlight. He rocked his bare black feet on the loose plank walk and looked down the road. No one was in sight.

With the quickening pulse of discovery, he jumped into the narrow ditch and picked up the marble, leaving a tiny round cup in the moist bed. He rubbed off the dirt and looked at his find. It was a purple and brown agate. He put it into his mouth and rolled his tongue over it to clean it the more thoroughly. Wiping the saliva on the edge of his pants, he jumped up on the walk again and took a seat on the second step of the short flight leading up the bank to his home.

With a squint of his eye, he curled his fingers around the smooth ball and made an imaginary shot. He must have knocked two out of the ring with it. Then he let it lie again in the palm of his left hand. His only aggie. Three other marbles he drew from his pocket and held in his right hand: two glassies and a steely.

The steely he had won from Albert Rosson two weeks ago. Albert had hated to give it up to a Negro, but he had been the one who wanted to play for keeps and had lost it too decisively to make much fuss. If Mrs. Rosson hadn't called him soon afterward, the white boy might have figured out a way to win it back. Albert had a lot of marbles—all kinds and all

pretty—but then his father could give him money. George had to win his, playing for keeps; or swap a lot of chalkies for one glassy; or, whenever he had a penny, buy one of those marshmallows that had a marble in the center; or, as he did today, find one.

He brought his hands together, so that the little fingers lay alongside, and looked at his resources, the beautiful aggie on the left palm and the three old marbles on the right. Then he poured them into one hand and looked. The aggie was outstanding even in a handful.

Lincoln would surely envy him now. Of course, Lincoln had good marbles given him by Mr. Theo sometimes, but he'd never expect that George would have any. George's family were poor. Just as soon as Lincoln came back from the creek, he'd show it to him. Maybe he'd swap it for five glassies. It seemed to him that he had all in the world that he wanted. In the little round stone lay power, pride, and joy. He whistled a tune and later began humming.

For a long time he waited for Lincoln to come back. It was hot and tiresome in the sun, and there was only one tree along Rosson Row that he could sit under, and he didn't want to go there. The sickly leaves of stinkweeds at the corner began to droop in the heat. Some ants crawled from a nest under the step and bit his ankles. He rubbed his dusty feet along the joints, the fine dust making a pleasant friction.

Miss Lucy came out, a puffy feathered



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hat set on her almost straight hair, and started walking to town. She had fine clothes and never had to work, and his mother had told him that Mr. Theo was the reason. He gave her everything she wanted. He came to her house once a week after dark, and George had heard them laughing and talking.

Miss Lucy didn't let her son have such fine clothes as she wore because he would dirty them. Just the same, Lincoln had sort of fine ideas in his head. One day he had stuck his light-colored arm alongside George's and said, "Look what light skin I got. See? Mr. Theo give me that. It's a lot better than your old black skin."

"Yo' mama's got black skin," said George, heatedly, never having thought about skin color before.

"Aw . . . well . . ." Lincoln hadn't yet worked out a suitable answer.

Miss Lucy walked past George, speaking in a luxurious voice.

"When is Lincoln comin' back?" he asked moodily.

"He'll be back soon," she called over her shoulder, going cautiously over the section of plank walk that sagged outward where its earth foundations had been washed away. In a few moments her handsome figure had passed beyond the paling fence of Rosson's back yard and under the chinaberry trees.

After that he could wait no longer. He must show the aggie to someone.

He got up and went through the north room of the house to the back yard where Annie was doing up the washing her husband had brought in earlier. A big iron pot, propped on stones, sat at one side over a wood fire. Already wisps of steam drifted from the surface. Henry sat in a hickory chair leaning against the house in the thin line of shade that the mounting sun ate away. He watched Annie sort the white clothes from the dyed and drop them into the hot water. The smell of

suds strung across the air with the smell of wood ashes.

George stood beside his father for a while, watching. Then he held out his fist and opened it to show the marble, just as some gracious oyster might open on a pearl.

"Look what I found," he said.

"Where'd you find that, George?" asked Henry, taking it between his thick fingers.

"Out in the ditch," said George.

Hearing them, Annie dropped the clothes on the bench and came over to see what it was. Henry displayed the toy to her. George drew circles in the gray dust with his toe.

"Oh, ain't it pretty!" exclaimed Annie.

"It's a aggie," said George proudly.

"Wouldn't a string of them look pretty around my neck," said Annie, holding it to the light.

Henry let out a whoop of laughter.

"Marbles around your neck!" he cried.

"If you can't do no better than marbles, you better crawl off an' die."

At this, George felt as if his father had disparaged the value of his new possession.

"They cost fifteen cents in town," he said. "Ain't it any good?" He reached his hand for it fearfully. Annie gave it back and kicked at Henry as she went away giggling.

"Shut yo' mouth," she grumbled. "If you'd get up and stir around, you might be able to buy me some beads sometime."

She poked the clothes in the pot with a long stick and wiped with her forearm the sweat that crept down her face from the edge of her hair.

"Yeah, it's a good aggie, Georgie," said Henry still amused at his wife. "You take good care of it."

George left them, feeling his spiritual property restored, and walked the path through the weeds to the front of the house. He looked at Miss Lucy's house

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next door. "Lincoln!" he called. "Lincoln!" But there was no answer.

He wandered down the steps and into the road. The four round hard marbles lay pleasantly in his pocket, and he hit them sideways in his hand, listening to the sudden chink. Walking slowly up the road, he built up a frail rhythm, striking the marbles between each hushed footfall. Soon he was opposite the dense odorous chinaberry trees of Mr. Rosson's yard. Mr. Rosson owned all the houses along the Row and came around once a month belligerently demanding the rent. George stopped.

Before the idea could develop in his mind of its own accord, a voice called, "Hey," through the fence, and his mind at once inquired if he wished to show Albert the aggie and maybe lose it in a game, or save it to show Lincoln first.

He answered guardedly, because he did not like Albert very much. The white skin and tan hair formed a strange barrier without George's knowing it. They had played together, but it was never much fun. Albert always bossed everything, and usually Mrs. Rosson yelled for him to come in before they were finished. At first, an animal shyness overwhelmed him, as it always did when white people came down the Row asking questions about where folks lived. He and his friends would stand fascinated, repelled and speechless. When they were younger they had simply turned and run silently away. Now they could not display such indignity, and choked on words. So with Albert, he waited timidly and silent. He could show him the aggie and make him wish he had it; but Lincoln ought to see it first.

"What you doin'?" asked Albert, holding on to the fence palings.

"Nothin'," said George.

"Le's play somethin,'" suggested Albert.

"What?"

"Marbles."

A sudden emotion stirred in George. He could not answer.

"Wanna play marbles?" asked the white boy again.

"I don' know."

"Aw, I bet you ain't got no marbles," sneered Albert. "You never do have more than one or two."

"I got more than that now," said George with the assurance conferred by wealth.

"How many you got? Aw, you ain't got none."

"Yes, I have, too. I got four."

"I got eighteen."

George's face relaxed wistfully, but he remembered he had never before had four marbles and one of them an aggie.

"Le's play for keeps," said Albert.

"Unh-unh. Not for keeps."

"Aw, you're scared you'll lose."

"I'm not neither. I just got a new marble I want to show to Lincoln." He wished he hadn't said it now. He put his hand into the pocket and let the marbles drop from his fingers one by one.

"Where'd you get it?"

"Pa give it to me. It's a aggie."

"Where'd your Pa get money to give you a aggie?"

"Well, he did. See?" George drew out the marbles and held up the aggie.

"Come on over here," said Albert. "I can't see that far."

George jumped the ditch and stood on the walk by the fence. Albert held out his hand.

"See?" said George, delightedly and with more confidence, still holding it up. He replaced the other marbles in his pocket.

"Lemme hold it. I can't see it that way."

After a moment's hesitation, George put it in the outstretched palm. He saw

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it drawn through the fence and held under the freckled nose of Albert.

The horror rose up in him almost simultaneously with Albert's cry.

"This is my aggie!"

George choked miserably. His lips fell open and fluttered.

"Where'd you get it?" screamed Albert.
"This is my aggie. I lost it a week ago."

"It's not yours," George managed to say. Hopefully he repeated the old magical incantation, "Finders keepers, losers weepers."

"Maybe I didn't lose it. Maybe you stole it," said Albert.

"I didn't. I found it in the ditch."

"You said your Pa give it to you."

"Well, I found it. It's mine. Give it back."

"Try and get it."

"Well, I found it. That makes it mine." George advanced to the fence and put his hand through. "Gimme, now—please. It's mine."

"Here's all I'll give you," said Albert and spat a meager spray into George's hand.

George jerked his hand away and stood taut as if the earth were falling away and he trying to hold himself up by sheer volition. He blinked his black wide eyes. He must get his aggie back; Lincoln had not seen it and would never believe him. He wiped his hand on the back of his pants and swallowed the choke in his throat.

"Come on, Albert. Finders keepers." He repeated the formula, but the charm did not work.

"You're the loser now," said Albert.
"Don't you wish you had it?"

He stuck his hand out with the precious marble cupped in it. George grabbed for it, but the hand was snatched back.

Albert began chanting the words, "Don't you wish you had it? Don't you wish you had it?" and poking his hand

between the palings at intervals as he walked toward the house. George rushed forward at each appearance of the hand and always missed it. Exasperation had smothered his voice, and he ran in silent spurts for the tantalizing arm.

By the corner of the house, the fence broke into a wide opening where Mr. Rosson's carriage went in to the stable. The gate across the opening was off one hinge and had been turned against the fence. When George saw Albert nearing this gateway, he realized the opportunity and darted through it, catching Albert before he could escape into the house.

He clung to Albert's arm and tried to unclench his fingers from the marble. Albert gripped it tightly and kept saying, "Turn loose. Turn loose." Then he leaned over and bit George's fingers.

George howled and released him, but his eyes burned with fury.

"Gimme my aggie," he said in a low voice.

"I'll show you how to jump on me, you ol' nigger," said Albert.

"What'll you do?" challenged George.
They stood glaring at each other.

"I'll show you."

"Gimme my aggie."

"I'm gonna knock your brains out."

"I don' wanna fight, Albert. Now gimme my aggie and le's quit. You know it's mine."

"I'll fix you. Wait'll my Dad comes home." The words seemed to give him courage, and he shouted suddenly, "Now get out of here. Get out." Then in a triumphant tone, "Get out, you ol' blue-gum!"

He turned to go into the house. But George leaped on him. "I want my aggie," he cried, and began pounding Albert with his fists.

Albert struck out, not very forcibly, then backed away, flailing the air with one arm, while he put the marble into his

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pocket with the other. He let out two shouts for his mother, but did not dare turn to see if she appeared.

George was possessed of a demon from the time he first struck out his fists and felt the impact on Albert. It meant regaining the treasure. He knew nothing of any punches he may have received and did not know that he was forcing his opponent backward. When Albert fell down, George straddled his stomach and beat

He was building a track in which he rolled the marbles when Lincoln came up and had to be told about the fight. Although he admired the prize enthusiastically, Lincoln only stared hard at the story and moaned, "Oh—oh—" George showed his bitten fingers, which were hurting a little and were caked with red sand about the wounds.

They spent the afternoon together, missing their slim noon meals and brav-



his face and poured dirt into his eyes and mouth and rubbed it in. Albert screamed and spluttered, while George reached into his pocket and found the aggie. Then he jumped up and ran out of the yard, hearing the voice of Mrs. Rosson, who had just come out on the back porch, shouting and asking what was the matter.

George ran home, panting and trembling, the marble clutched in his hand, sweaty and dirty and bloody. He opened his hand to look, when he got to the weather-beaten porch, and satisfaction filled him at the sight. But there was still too much excitement for him to go before his father without explanation. He turned away and, with a furtive glance toward the Rosson home, went down the long road as far as the sycamore tree in the sandbed at the bottom of the hill. Here he sat down and dug his toes into the sand and finally calmed his tumultuous heart.

ing the scolding of their families. But as dusk came on, they emerged from the pastures and woods they had been in, and drew nearer and nearer to their homes. At Aunt Martha's shack they lingered, to grow newly accustomed to the sense of family authority after their initial break. Of course, since she knew nothing, Aunt Martha had nothing to say, and they ventured on homeward more freely.

It was the pale time of a spring afternoon, before the long twilight. Usually Negroes were sitting on their porches behind the array of lard cans of fern and geranium. Today not one was outside taking his rest in the cool of the day.

George and Lincoln laughed and talked and did not notice anything, and parted unapprehensively before their neighboring houses. Since Lincoln's home was first on their way, he was at his door before George was up the steps.

Then the sound burst out fiercely and

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paralyzed them both. Neither could have said why they had not heard it sooner, for it was loud enough to have been heard at some distance in the stillness. Now it rooted them where they stood.

"Well, where is he? He stole it and I'm gonna get it back if I have to kill every one of you!"

George's heart quaked. A dizziness came into his head, but he stood on the steps. Lincoln gave one terrified look at his chum and popped inside the door. George heard his father's voice earnestly and quietly trying to explain that the marble had been found in the ditch.

He kept telling himself to run away. It seemed sensible: if he were not there, they could not harm him. Why must Mr. Rosson demand the marble anyway? Run away, he said; but no action came from this urging. Something required that he stay and show that he was right. He had found the marble. It was his. He knew that.

Then he heard his mother's voice, saying, "Here he is." She was standing in the doorway. "I was just coming to look for you. Come on in, George. Your Pa wants to see you."

He thought it was a long time before he could make his legs move. But his mother did not speak again, and he was able to get inside the door.

Mr. Rosson was standing in the center of the room, his face and bald head flushed and perspiring. He was nervous with anger, and almost ran at George when he entered. The boy shrank against Annie's hip and she put her arm about his shoulder.

"Well—gimme that marble, you little black bastard," Mr. Rosson shouted.

George recoiled fearfully. Mr. Rosson was a big man, with pig eyes sinking into the bulging tissues of his cheeks, and a thick neck folding over his collarless shirt.

There was no answer in his father's

eyes when George looked there. Mr. Rosson came closer and held out a fat hand.

"If you was old enough, they'd hang you for fighting a white boy. I ought to throw all of you out."

His breath wheezed through his nostrils. He jerked at the belt that sagged under the weight of his belly.

"Where's the marble?"

"It's mine. I found it—in the ditch," George gasped, the words shaking drearily.

"You stole it from my boy. Albert told me so."

"I didn't."

Mr. Rosson whacked his thick palm against the boy's face. "Shut up," he cried.

Annie was holding George by the shoulders, but he swung his feet and kicked the white man's trousers. She pulled her son aside and guarded him, and Henry stepped forward quickly.

"Please, Mr. Rosson," Henry was saying, "please. I'll get it. Please. 'Scuse him. He's jus' a little boy."

Mr. Rosson cursed and shivered. But before he had brushed his trousers and decided what to do, he heard Henry say in a quiet and unnatural voice, "George—gimme that marble."

With a wild ache, George held out the little colored stone. His bewildered eyes watched his father give it to Mr. Rosson. They saw the big pinkish man examine it and grunt and look angrily at each of them.

"You all better watch your step," Mr. Rosson growled. "You're a bad set of niggers and you're gonna get into trouble. I ought to throw you out now, but you owe me a month's rent so I'll try to overlook it. An' don't let me catch your boy stealing any more."

He went out to the porch.

Henry followed to the door. "Yessir. Thank you, sir. Thank you," he was saying automatically.

Mr. Rosson turned and faced Henry.

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"I ought to brought Albert down so he could apologize to him. Maybe he better apologize to me, and I'll tell Albert."

"Yessir," said Henry. "Come 'ere, George. Pologize to Mr. Rosson for fighting Albert."

George moved nearer but did not say anything.

"Say you're sorry," said Henry.

George trusted his father. He had given him the marble, but his father had given it away. He was not sorry and did not understand this demand. His father spoke to him again, and the boy looked up. Maybe this would work it out all right. The older man should know what was best.

"Say you're sorry about Albert."

George was not sure he could do it. Then in the silence he heard it. "I'm sorry."

"Well, that's better," said Mr. Rosson.

But George felt like crying. As soon as the words were out, he itched all over and his face puckered in shame. He went back to Annie and pressed his face against her side. But he could not feel any tears come. There was too much anger. He simply hid his face, quick with degradation.

Mr. Rosson was still speaking. "But if I ever hear of that brat laying hands on a white child again, I'll whip him to death. It's better than he deserves now. He ought to know a nigger can't never do that."

The sickening chaining words wrapped around his soul. Never. Never. Then that was what he had felt and hadn't realized about Albert. That was why Lincoln bragged so much about the light color of his skin.

"Yessir, thank you," Henry went on

pacifically. "He's sho a bad boy. We got to tend to him."

George turned a suffering face toward his father. He was betrayed and forsaken.

Mr. Rosson walked away in the deepening twilight. George wrenched out of Annie's embrace and went to the kitchen door where he sat on the single step and stared at the gray clouds on the horizon.

In a few moments, Henry came through the house and stood in the kitchen doorway above George. The boy did not look up. He was afraid his father's legs would touch him. But Henry sat on the floor inside the threshold, with his son's back by his shoulder. Darkness sank down over the land.

Then, miraculously, the bitter flower of understanding unfolded in George, and his anger went. There had come something deeper than what seemed broken trust and lost aggies.

A scratch of matches and a stream of light came from the room next to them.

Soon a voice rose in song far down the Row.

"Pa," said George, peacefully. "I whupped him."

"Yeah," said Henry.

In the black of night their lips spread into quiet smiles.

Hubert Creekmore is currently teaching with Paul Engle in the Writers' Workshop at the University of Iowa. His novel, *The Welcome*, was recently published by Appleton-Century-Crofts. "Novitiate" is a chapter from a long novel Mr. Creekmore is now working on, about a Negro family in the South from about 1890 to 1940.

Oliver Harrington is the illustrator.

I GOTTA TEACH HER SOME ENGLISH

O'KANE FOSTER

MR. CONSTANTINOPoulos walked calmly away to his tarnished cash register, rang up 65¢ for a blue-plate special, sold a cigar, opened the transom, shook the pin-ball machine for a disappointed customer, and then remembered to return.

"No, I tell you what's the trouble, Jim," he said eagerly, when he saw I was safely lost in the beefstoo. "Chicago has got 11,000 Greek manos, and only 700 womanos not married. Figure it out. For a man like me with lotsa pep, figure it out. What kind of paia, Jim, huckleberry?"

I settled for huckleberry.

"No, figure it out, Jim. I came a young manos to Chi. Fifteen year ago. Leave wife in Athens. You know, Athens. So I write her: wait. All right, she write back, I wait. So I look around. 11,000 Greek manos and only 700 Greek womanos. Is bad. For the morals. Of course, you got the Coffee House on Polk Street. 11,000 Greeks in Coffee House on Polk Street."

He went away to another customer and left his story dangling.

Presently he came back.

"So here you are in Chi and there she is, still your wife in Athens. One year, two year, three year. 11,000 Greek manos and only 700 Greek womanos. Is bad. But then you got the Coffee House. Not the saloon. No, never! Better run into money than the saloon. Well, they say a Greek run after money. No. Is wrong. Greek just run away from all that politicle in the Old Country."

Again Mr. Constantinopoulos walked away to another customer. Again he returned.

"No, I tell you, Jim. A Greek, he like opportunity—without too much texas. A young manos go into business and texas eat him up. That's another story. They tell you the Greek is a great talker—like to tell a long story. Don't believe it. America, it's opportunity—nothing else. Well, so I cut off my name and stayed in Chi. Christides Demetrios Constantinopoulos. Sure. Now just half. Fine, eh? So I stay in Chi. One year, two year, five year. Five year, ten year, fifteen year! Money! Money! Well, you got to run into it. You're a young manos with your wife in Athens, so you shine shoes for two years in the Loop. Too slow. Money. Money. You got to run into more of it. How about selling flowers? Better! So five years a flower manos on Forty-Three Street. Not yet, I write to my wife in Athens. The Greek language is still in my way. Texas are about the same. But when you come, I write her, I gotta teach you some English. But not yet. Not yet. You understand?"

"Yes," I agreed.

Again the pin-ball machine needed attention, the transom had to be closed, the safe had to be opened and a package of cigarettes got out for a steady customer.

Eventually he returned.

"Jim, take another piece of huckleberry on the house and I will begin this story straight from the beginning."

"Thanks, Chris. I must be going," I

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said reluctantly, getting down from the stool.

"That's right," said Chris. "So I thought: Money. Money! Why not a candy store on Forty-Seven Streets? The Greek language wasn't in my way any longer, you see. So 1933-1935 I gave up the flower standza for the candy. Still there were only 700 Greek womanos in Chi and I had to go to the Coffee House on Halsted and play cards when I got mad. Well, anyway: one year, two year, five year. Five year, ten year! Pretty soon I write my wife in Athens: texas should go down. In the meantime, here is \$100 for a new church bell in my memory. But still my health suffers from lack of Greek womanos in Chi. Not my morality. That can never suffer because America is just opportunity. Nothing else. Money. Money. They say a Greek is money crazy. Well, we walk into it now and then, and sooner than later, of course, a restaurante. So that was 1931-1946. But still Chicago got 11,000 more Greek manos than she got 700 womanos. The problem is just the same for a Greek bachelor if he is single. So yesterday!" he said, daringly bringing his story down to the very present, "so yesterday I got mad! Sonababits! One year, two year, five year. Five year, ten year, fifteen year! and all this time I got a wife of my own in Athens! So this morning—ha ha—I send her money for ticketto. I cable her seven little words under the ocean: Come over Penelope. Texas can't get worse."

"And will she come?" I asked, one hand on the door.

"Sure," said Chris, ringing up my 65¢. "When she hears Chicago has got street cars, oh my, she wants to come. But I gotta teach her here and there some English. So there's a long story short. How will I take it? You can imagine. Or what will she look like since 1931? Eh? Well, good night, Jim. Take it easy."

"You bet," I said, going out.

I did not go to the restaurant for more than a month. As soon as I sat down at the counter, Chris came running toward me with a steaming bowl of soup.

"Well, Jim," hé said, greatly excited, "this time I show you the real thing. Penelope!"

A small beautiful woman came from the kitchen. She had rich black hair draped low over her ears into a swirling knot at the nape of her white neck. Her expression was shy and alien. She had aged much less than her husband.

Chris put his arm around her waist.

"Jim! One year, two year, five year. Ten year. Fifteen year! What will she look like since 1931? You can imagine? Well, here's a long story short: It's my wife in Athens."

Mrs. Constantinopoulos smiled pleasantly.

"But," said her husband, "I gotta teach her here and there some English."

His pretty wife thought this an even greater joke than his first speech. "Nai," she answered in Greek.

"H'you like that? You know what that means, nai? No is yes in Greek. Go on, say something to Jim. You gotta learn here and there English. Listen to this, Jim. Go on, say something, Penelope—"

"Oh, but what shall I say?" she laughed.

Chris stepped back dramatically to the pie counter. His sleepy eyes were wild with pride.

"So figure it out, Jim. Five year, ten year, fifteen year. And when I leave her in Athens she could speak just but the Greek. Figure it out, Jim. Now she got English. Figure it out."

"Well—" I hesitated.

"No," said Chris, "she wait and study English in Greek school behind my back. In Athens she got almost as good English as I got right here on Halsted. Figure it out, Jim. Ha ha!"

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I saw she had gambled with fifteen years of her life and won.

"Oh, yes," she laughed. "I thought he would never send for me. When he sent money for the bell and not for me, I knew it was all over." She accused and forgave in the same sweet glance.

"She use the money of the bell in my memory to buy English instead! Pretty smart, eh?"

We all laughed.

"That was a long time," I said at last.

"Too long," she said. "Too long. But now we are together and in your America. Everyone in Europe thinks of only one thing: America! America!"

"Well, I tell you, Jim, Chicago now got 701 Greek womanos to still only 11,000 Greek manos—"

"Greek men and Greek women!" corrected his wife. "Oh, your English is wretched. I shall have to teach you all

over again—"and she was charmingly indignant as she added—"the way we all speak it in Athens." She walked gracefully toward the kitchen.

"Too long," said Chris sadly, when she left. "I did not do right. It was too long. But how could I help it with Texas what they were? Still we are together now," his face lighting, "and she get along all right in America. But I gotta teach her here and there some English."

"Yes," I laughed, going out.

O'Kane Foster is the author of *In the Night Did I Sing*, a novel about the Spanish Americans caught in the rising tide of American civilization in Taos Valley. His short stories have appeared in various magazines and anthologies. He is at present at work on a novel of the modern American Indian.

RACHEL MOURNING FOR HER CHILDREN

(and would not be comforted, for they were not)

ISABEL WILLIAMS

There is a sound like soundless weeping
abroad in the air tonight,
as if a gathered grief were seeping
out of a depth or down from a height
impassable to mind or sight
and uninhabited by light.

Not like the wind though in liquid weather,
not like the rain though it swerve and blow,
more as if leaves took tongue together,
whispering sorrowfully and slow
folk-remembrances of snow,
word of the multitudes laid low.

Isabel Williams' poems have appeared in a variety of publications.

THE BESIEGED

TERÉ RÍOS

THERE is no book that holds the law of the jíbaros in Puerto Rico. Left to themselves in the jungle-choked mountains, their law is not written, but it is in force more strongly than all the written laws.

The only thing a jíbaro owned was his honor. No jíbaro would leave a debt unpaid. If a man was wronged, he honed his machete, kicked off his sandals, and avenged the wrong.

Then the Americans came, and the jíbaros were required to live by the laws of the Americans. The laws coincided in most cases, as laws will do. But in anger, the jíbaro will follow the jíbaro law. Juan Dario did, and consequently the American law was to try him, in a court, with a jury.

Word came over the old road and down the mountains and was whispered in the plazas and in the vestibule of the church. It came into my office on the lips of my secretary.

She laid the morning mail on my desk and said, "I heard in church this morning—"

"Church talk is for women," I said, and grinned at her. I would not talk so to my *americana* wife.

"Juan Dario has trouble," she said. "He will be tried in a court."

I stared at her and got up. "What happened?"

She went to the clothes tree and got my hat. "He followed the jíbaro law." Her eyes were trouble-smoked. "What will happen to him?"

"I do not know," I said.

She sought reassurance I could not give. There is no capital punishment here, for death is easy in this land. I wished I could tell her they would not give to him the slow torture of imprisonment, but the americanos are very particular about their law. I could only say again, "I do not know," and take my hat and go.

On my way home I censored what I would tell my wife. She knew I was a jíbaro, but the word meant nothing to her. In the States, when I said I was Puerto Rican, she had always said, "Spanish, you know," in that tone of voice. When I told her I had worked in the fields with a machete, she had smiled and said that was nothing to be ashamed of—lots of "nice" people started as laborers and made a lot of money. She never heard what I told her, only what she wanted to hear.

So I told her Juan Dario was in trouble and would be tried. She nodded and made a sympathetic face. I said I might be gone for several days.

"I'll pack a bag for you," she said.

I went into the bedroom and changed from white linen suit to faded and worn denim trousers and shirt. She followed. I told her not to pack a bag: I would need nothing. She watched, amusement on her face, as I strapped thong sandals on my bare feet.

"Shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves," she said, and kissed the top of my head to soften the blow of the words.

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I got my machete out of the chest and tested the blade. My wife raised her careful eyebrows.

"Badge of office," I said. I swung it back and forth, taking pleasure in the balance, and when I left, I carried it with the old ease.

It is not a very big island. I was in the mountains long before sundown. I left my car in the village and walked up the dry river bed to the house of Juan Dario. He met me in the open doorway and shifted his machete to shake hands. We stood our machetes side by side in the corner and seated ourselves on the bench by the roughhewn table. Juan Dario's shoulders had that looseness of those who live by the machete. The full-arm swing needed to cut through a stalk of cane loosens the muscles that hold a shoulder tight. He did not smile but sat looking at me, his eyes carefully blank.

"And your woman?" The question was required of me.

"She is well," he said.

"And your sons?" I said.

"Bien, bien," he said. "And your woman?"

My woman was fine, I told him. No, no children. He shrugged and pulled his mouth down. "Americana," he said, as though that explained it.

"You too," I said. "You are an American now, too."

His eyes were flat, shallow-looking. A *jíbaro* is a *jíbaro*: a mountain man. He lives within himself. He has his own code, his own pride, his own honor.

"We are all Americans," I said. He glanced out through the open door to the castor-oil tree, where the half-naked youngsters skipped stones at each other's feet. Their voices were clear and big and happy. "Americanos," I repeated.

His smile was a mere withdrawal of the lips from the big white teeth. He got

up and set a jug of *cañita* on the table between us.

"Your health, don Francisco," he said. It put me in my place: that of the *jíbaro* who had left the mountains and had therefore given up his birthright of starvation and loneliness and back-breaking labor. If I was not careful with my words, I would lose him.

"Your health, don Juan," I said. I would give him don for don. If he held me at arm's length, I would hold myself there. Doctor Pérez' adopting me and sending me to school had not made me any less the *jíbaro*. The thick, syrupy liquor scalded my Scotch-jaded palate. I blinked my eyes rapidly to keep them from watering. I set the jug down and wiped my mouth with the back of my hand. He watched me unwaveringly.

"You will stay," he said. That was accepted.

He lighted a tallow candle and set it on the table. A tall girl came in, went silently to the charcoal stove. She stirred the embers, her unbound black hair swinging against the faded cotton dress.

"Your children are fine and handsome," I said. We passed the jug back and forth twice more. The beans and rice had an odor that filled me with nostalgia: for the time when I had lived in this house, when I was an orphan and Juan Dario had taken me into his home and allowed me to work side by side with him in the fields.

"I am in your debt, Juan Dario," I said. I reached for the jug and took a big swallow. I pushed it toward him. "There is much talk in the plazas," I said.

"So?" He tilted the jug upward, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. "Gabble-gabble," he said. "Rag-tongues!" He turned to the girl, who was pouring coffee through the flannel. He shook his head at her. She set the pot down and went out.

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"Eh, Francisco," he said. He pushed the jug toward me. "So the jíbaro comes home?"

I scowled, but was proud to be called jíbaro—by a jíbaro. "I have come to be of service," I said.

He got up, went across the room, and came back carrying a yard of bread. He cut off a large chunk with his machete and handed it to me, cut one for himself.

I had to be silent. To question him, or to show him in any way that I was different, would only widen the gulf between us and I might lose the privilege of helping him, if so I could.

"Eh," he said. His mouth went downward, deepening the hollows in his cheeks. "Women."

"Ah," I said. "Women?" I leaned back and tore off a chunk of bread with my side teeth.

"Mál educada," he said. My mouth was full, so I nodded my head in agreement. Women were ill-bred.

He slapped the flat of his hand on the table. His eyes looked opaque in the candlelight. "She betrayed me," he said. "Because of her shamelessness, I was left unable to meet a debt of honor."

I tried to keep from showing either interest or surprise. He pulled a sharpening stone from his pocket and began to hone his machete with slow, gentle motions. The long blade bent, straightened, bent, straightened with the pressure of the sliding stone. The sound of the stone on the steel showed that it needed no sharpening. He wiped the blade with the palm of his hand.

"It was my promesa," he said. "I gave my word."

I waited.

"Fifty *duros* I had," he said. "In that box." He waved the machete toward the chest in the corner. I nodded and he glanced toward the doorway. The chil-

dren under the castor-oil tree sang together about *Arroz-con-leche*, the little jíbaro who wanted to marry a woman from the big city.

The cold night air of the mountains sent a chill through the room. I shivered and moved my shoulders to cover the shiver.

"Eh, Francisco," said Juan Dario. "The seacoast weakens a man." He got up and handed me a blanket. I put the folded blanket on the bench beside me. "Gracias," I said. I was cold, but I could not admit it. My shirt felt like tobacco cloth, so thin. I took another drink of the *cañita*. The jug was less than half full. A goat bleated a staccato complaint in the darkness.

"Pues," said Juan Dario, "the children will be hungry."

I could hear the rice hissing in the pot. I nodded.

"The cock of my choice—" he pointed to the floor with the machete as though at the circle for fighting cocks—"the cock of my choice failed to fulfill expectations. And when I came to get the fifty *duros*, to pay the debt—" he made a spraying gesture with his fingers—"gone."

In the same flat voice he said, "I have disciplined my woman."

I was trying to think and trying to keep my face expressionless. He had disciplined his woman. By pilfering, she had caused him to be unable to keep his given word. A jíbaro cannot go to his creditor and say with a gay shrug of the limber shoulders, "You, know señor, how women are. I will pay the debt later." No. The debt must be paid and the shame kept within the family. No outsider must know. I reached automatically for my pocket. Juan Dario put out a hand.

"The debt has been paid," he said. "Don Jaime advanced my pay."

I relaxed. "I am glad," I said.

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"The woman has been disciplined," he said. As though, since the matter had been settled to his own and his creditor's satisfaction, what right had a court to interfere with a man's private affair? If a woman is to be disciplined, then that is the affair of the man to whom she belongs.

A direct question would only delay the answer I wanted. I said, "Of a truth. A woman must be disciplined," and was cravenly glad he did not know my wife. I leaned on the table and met his eyes.

"I cut off her hand," he said. He laid the flat of his machete on his wrist. "She will not steal again."

Ave María. How could one explain such justice to an American court? Or, how could one explain the gentler sentiments of American law to a jíbaro?

Juan Dario went to the door and signalled the children to come in. "Tomorrow is the trying," he said. "I will be pleased if you will accompany me."

I slept that night on the bed of Juan Dario while he stretched out on the floor. The children curled up on their bed in the corner and he slept and snored loudly. He could sleep well, could Juan Dario. Justice, to him, was justice. Justice would be done.

I was not so sure.

In the morning the tall girl served us coffee: a teaspoonful in a cup of hot goat's milk, sweetened with coarse brown sugar. It was stronger than the American coffee I had in San Juan, but the bitterness of the coffee in my mouth was good.

We walked downward along the river bed, passing other jíbaros, their machetes swinging in rhythm to their steps. The giant ferns lined the banks and made a tunnel for our passing. Stephanotis bloomed like polished stars, laying their heavy sweetness on the air.

The river bed opened and became damp and the liana-tangled mass of ferns

stopped abruptly where the coffee plants went row on row around the mountain-side. On downward, past the tobacco and the fields of clicking cane, we walked in silence.

We stopped only once, to leave our machetes at the house of a friend, for the law forbade the blades within the town. In the plaza, the heat had just begun. A few sleepy goats cropped indifferently at the dried grass. Outside the municipal building was a large black touring car that let us know the judge had come. We went in.

My hands were damp as we seated ourselves within the enclosure of the rail. I curled my dust-dry toes against the soles of my sandals and looked at the picture of George Washington. In Juan Dario's youth, it had been the king of Spain.

I made speeches of defense in my mind. Juan Dario must not go to jail. I stole a sidewise look at him. He sat beside me, impassive, his hands on the knees of his blue denim trousers, his sombrero on the floor beside him. This was my foster father: this was a wonderful man. Fierce and cold and proud he was, but more my father than the soft-spoken Doctor Pérez who had educated me. Juan Dario had his own ideas of justice—but he stood behind them. And he would be sent to jail on principles that belonged to someone else. There was nothing I could do about it. He was right, but so were they. More right—by right of power.

The crier called his oyez and we rose as the judge entered. My heart grew excited. Judge Torres! The broad, heavy planes of his face were like as a brother's to Juan Dario's and to mine. This man, known over the island, had been a jíbaro. Like me, he had gone to the outside with a patron. One of the caballeros had taken a liking to him and had sent him to law school. But Judge Torres was more Ameri-

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can than I: his children spoke easy, unaccented English. Perhaps he had forgotten the mountains.

The jury, all jíbaros from the surrounding mountains, filed in and sat down. The prosecuting lawyer began. He used the elegant gestures and shrugs of the seacoast people. His voice rose and fell, condemning Juan Dario as vicious, cold-blooded, and cruel. The heat began to press down upon us as the witnesses were called: men who had been at the cockfight, the creditor, the doctor who had attended Rosa.

There was one thing wrong with the whole proceeding: all these people were jíbaros and unwilling to talk. If it was the law that they must talk, then talk they would, but as little as possible. The men testified that they had been at the cockfight; they had seen the bet made. That was all they would say. The court could not force them to say more. The creditor said that he had won fifty duros from Juan Dario. It had been paid before the sundown. That was all.

Only the doctor, another "lost" jíbaro like Judge Torres and myself, would talk. He testified that Rosa's hand had been cut off at the wrist. By a machete? He did not know. He was not of the *policía*. He had dressed the wound and a missionary woman *americana* had taken Rosa. She had talked to Rosa of things like divorce and damages, all such things like that. The jury moved restlessly, and one of them whispered to another. Judge Torres' face was impassive. The doctor, talking on and on, told of how the missionary woman had told Rosa that women were equal to men and that Rosa had full rights to the half of anything Juan Dario possessed. The jury sat as men of stone.

Then came into court the missionary woman, leading Rosa by the hand. They came in through the door of the room

behind the judge. Rosa walked steadily by the side of the woman until she saw Juan Dario. He had seen her and deliberately turned away. She stopped and stared at him. Her lawyer took her arm to urge her forward. She pulled away from the missionary woman and her lawyer and came toward us, looking puzzled, perhaps a little frightened. Juan Dario ignored her.

I caught a flash of white bandage in the folds of her skirt as she came up to us and stood for a moment, looking at Juan Dario. I held my breath. The frightened look went from her face as she stepped to one side and ranged herself behind us, her eyes on the back of Juan Dario's head.

The prosecutor slapped himself on the forehead. He gestured widely. He started toward Rosa, and Juan Dario made a slight movement. The prosecutor stopped and flapped his hands. He turned to Judge Torres. The jury looked at Judge Torres. The judge gazed into space above the heads of the assembly. The prosecutor rolled his eyes upward, threw up his hands, and cast one more look at Rosa, who retreated farther behind Juan Dario. The missionary woman started for Rosa, and I moved across in front of Juan Dario and stood between them as though I had suddenly decided to change places. She halted, measuring me.

I pulled a long face at her and scratched the bone of my jaw.

The prosecutor slapped his hands together briskly. He turned on his heel, threw his hands skyward, and sat down.

Judge Torres gave some instructions to the jury. They glanced among one another, nodded their heads. The foreman turned to Juan Dario and opened his mouth to speak.

"To me," said Judge Torres.

The foreman turned to the judge. "He

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wants to know," he said reasonably, indicating Juan Dario with a quick small lift of head and shoulder.

"He will hear," said the judge. "Properly, it is to me."

"Not guilty," said the foreman.

We went side by side to pay our respects to the jury. Juan Dario caught my eye and nodded imperceptibly toward Rosa's lawyer. Sadly, the lawyer said that Rosa owed him nothing, but I gave him twenty-five dollars. I turned then to the missionary woman.

"Your fee, madam?" I spoke still in Spanish, so Juan Dario could hear. She opened her mouth, then closed it with a snap.

"No fee," she said. I took out ten dollars, laid it on the table.

"My friend Juan Dario would like to make a contribution to your church," I said, and Rosa hastily crossed herself. The woman picked up the ten dollars as though it were soiled.

We left the courthouse side by side, Rosa a pace behind us. We stopped on our way to get our machetes, and they flashed in the sunlight as we made our way back up the mountain to the tiny house on the crest. Rosa sang as she

made the coffee for us. It was not so bitter as the coffee the girl had made. She went out and sat in a chair under the castor-oil tree while the children played around her. Juan Dario and I had a few quick drinks of *cañita*. I was beginning to like the fiery syrup again, but I had to leave.

I reached home by midnight. My wife's coffee seemed sweet and mild.

"Was the trial interesting?" she asked.

I looked at her fine soft hands, the skin that glowed with the care of expensive creams, her clean white feet in satin slippers.

"No," I said. "You wouldn't have liked it."

Teré Ríos is a Puerto Rican Irish Army wife with four sons. Last year in a course at the University of Pittsburgh she began writing the stories "my father told me and his father told him." One won a prize offered by Doubleday for writing by a Pitt student; another placed second in the Atlantic College Contest; others appeared in Prairie Schooner and Woman's Day. She is now at work on a book.

LETTER TO MAKO TO MEET AGAIN

MITSU YASHIMA

DEAR MAKO:

I received your two airmail letters last week, written before and after you got my telegram. There are leaves growing on the trees in Japan, you said, strawberries ripening, cicadas singing, and your goat playing with her new babies; you started swimming; your examination is getting close. A telegram came from New York, you wrote, saying you can come to America! I could make a picture of you dancing around for happiness. Calming myself from this happy thought, I repeatedly read and re-read the letters and finally I sent them to Father yesterday, who is now taking a trip to the country to make sketches. I am sure he will get a brighter and happier light on his canvas from today.

There is not much to tell you about the matter. It seems that an Oriental entering the United States by private bill, like our Mako's case, is so rare that it might happen once or not at all in U.S. history. No office seems to know what is to be done, so I asked the lawyers of the o.s.s., who took care of the case from the beginning. Please be patient and wait a little more. As for myself, I am visiting Nisei who came back from Japan recently, and people who have connections with schools, to know what is to be prepared for your journey as well as for your arrival. But I still don't have enough to tell you about this either. However, I am answering the problems in your letter right away.

The first problem is the lecture you

gave me. As to the words in my last letter, "Take advantage of your kind Grandma's spoiling. It is your last chance to be spoiled," you answered: "I am fourteen. Don't you know it is ten years since you left Japan, and what I do now is quite different from when I was a four-year-old baby?" My answer to this should be, "You are perfectly right," but this problem is beyond my ability to solve.

The worst is my dreaming. Mako always appears as a four-year-old baby and never seems to grow more than that. Last night, too, you were holding a bunch of white daisies, but your feet were in those tiny, tiny getas. Nothing changes my dream world, neither Father's most practical story of meeting you after the war, not the many letters and pictures you have sent after that, and not even your lecture in your last letter. Probably there is no way until I feel you with my own eyes, my own ears, and my own hands. I hope you are patient and will not be discouraged.

The second matter is my crying on the day your bill passed in Congress. You ordered: "Mother must not be a cry-baby. I hope you will throw tears away so that you won't cry when you see me." My answer to this is a simple one. "All right. That is a very good idea." But it is quite sure that I will cry at the New York station as soon as fourteen-year-old Mako's face appears. All the feelings of ten years wake up at the moment and try to rush out, and as it is too difficult to ex-

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press them in words, the tears will come out as their representative. So I think I will write ten years of my feelings in this letter to make you understand. Then I will be sure that I don't have to show my tears at the moment. It might be unhappy and bitter reading, but as this is the only way to throw my tears away, I hope you will be patient and read to the end.

Mako's mother, during the first four years of his life, was not such a crybaby. But after she and Father came to America for their art studies before the war, she became such a crybaby that it annoyed your Father. It started right after we entered this country, when I realized that I had crossed more than the big ocean of the Pacific, which took us only ten days of peaceful voyage; I had crossed an invisible frontier with many difficulties to be overcome. It brought a helpless repentance in my mind that we had left Mako on the other side, and I began to cry.

These tears, in the days which followed, mixed with the loneliness of my knees, chest, and ears—all so used to playing with Mako—flowed at the least provocation. The only way to be cured was to hurry up and finish my art studies and hurry home. But before my eyes, which tried to work hard, the invisible frontier grew higher and steadier. And the tears became unmanageable.

The start of the Pacific war changed this frontier into a firing wall—the war front—and made any crossing entirely impossible. "Poor Mako! the best guns are facing him!" Would the day come when I would meet him again alive? I became a real idle crybaby, neglecting my studies. Like a person who had not even a single straw to hold to, I roamed the lonely blacked-out streets finding comfort only in singing the lullabies I

used to sing for you. But the lullaby tunes were always swept away by the cruel elevated trains which came with maddening noise, and I couldn't hear even my own voice. There seemed no place, I thought, for a mother's heart in the world that was rushing into war, and I cried more.

Your strong Father was comforting me, in spite of his own sorrow and agony, by saying, "There must be some way that we can help Mako and the others." And he kept studying and looking for a way. Finally he started writing a book under the title of *The New Sun*, working with the greatest effort to tell Americans, "Not all Japanese are militarists. Among them are my precious Mako, kindhearted Grandma, and family, and many friends who have been fighting the militarists for years." When the book was published, the newspapers were surprised and happy. They wrote: "This book tells the real life"; "Read this book if you are not sure why we are fighting." So, many Americans read the book and saw that the Japanese militarists were the enemy, whereas the Japanese people were our friends.

In this way, the mother's heart found a way to live. But the book did not bring entire happiness. The war progressed. The cruel pictures appeared every day in the papers: a rope-bound Chinese to be beheaded, a Filipino to be shot, a European who was hanged. Figures of these people came back to Father when he was going to sleep, changed into a picture of Mako called "Son of Traitor." I often saw Father clinging to his pillow, his big back trembling and twisting. Facing this fact, I found in me was some confidence: "Grandpa and Grandma are protecting Mako with their lives. His uncles and aunts are acting cleverly so Mako won't be hurt." And I could tell Father, "I

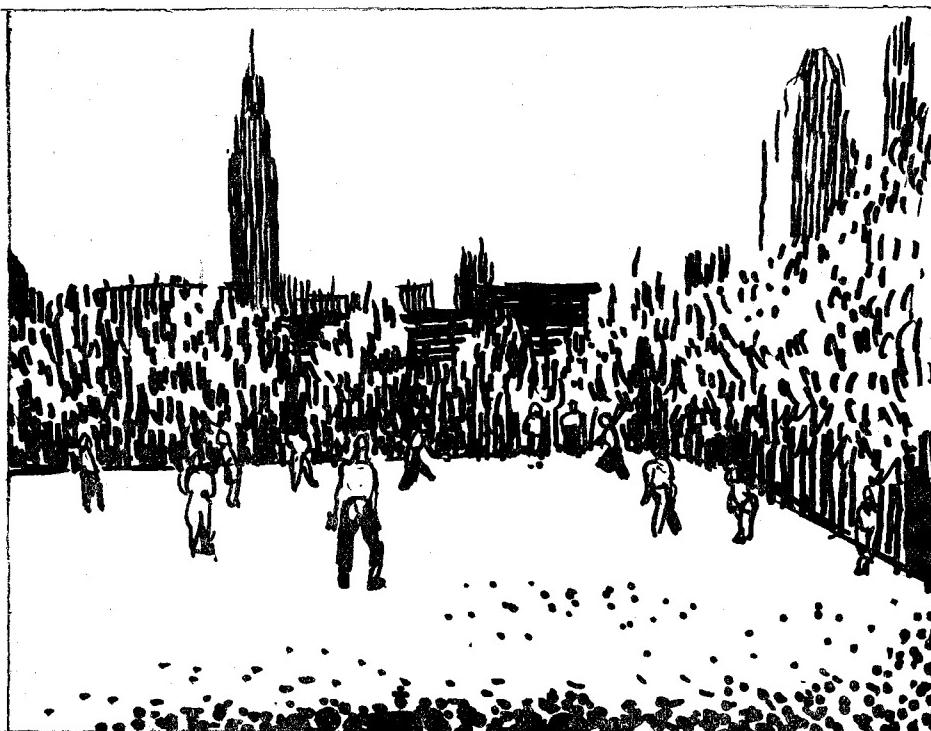
LETTER TO MAKO TO MEET AGAIN

know this because I was brought up by these people and with them." But as soon as I told it to Father, such thanks to them arose in me that the new kind tears welled up inside.

After a while we realized the only way we can help ourselves is to ask uncle, aunts, Morita-san, Kiyoshi-san, and Miyochan who love Mako so much to stop the war. By this time our sympathy was for every soldier who was sent to a lonely front with poor gun and ordered to face the fire; for the people taken from their beloved family and watched by strict

felt that we were together with Mako and the others beyond the front, we could not help ourselves to work hard. Father even went out overseas, nearer to the front.

At the time when Father left, defeat of Japanese militarists was already evident. We had to see fresh pictures of masses of dead soldiers by the seashore, flaming airplanes of Tokko-tai plunging into the ocean, and the sailors running around the sinking battleship like a mass of ants and finally swallowed by the waves and covered with curtains of fire. And we also had to hear of bombings all over the



laws and given hard work and nonsense dream—no different from my own family and friends. So we decided to work for the Office of Strategic Services (o.s.s.), where we could study the best way to stop the war. We worked with splendid Americans and Japanese Americans. As we

mainland. Among the names of the cities and towns we heard every day as being bombed, there was Mikage, the little town where Mako lived, twice bombed and thrice. But, encouraged by the reports from all over the front, that the people and the soldiers did not like the

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war, our work aiming to stop the war rushed along like a fire engine. In this fire engine, racing toward its goal, my heart could not find time to cry, only prayed every day, "Please, Mako, find the way to live for just one more day!"

The defeat of Okinawa—the bombardment of Honshu—the Russian attack—the atom bombing—and then—surrender of Japan! When this very day came, my heart hardly beating, I could not tell whether it was happiness or sadness, could not even stop to think, "Is Mako still alive?" I only thought, "If Mako is living today, he will not die any more," and fell into a deep sleep.

When I awoke from the sleep, I found that the wish for Mako's life outgrew the size of my heart. And I cried, "It is not enough that only Mako and Grandma be alive. Everybody should be living! Uncle-O and Uncle-No, who had grown to army age since war started must be living also!" After that I had to fight the fear of the news to keep my wish strong. Tears attended the fight like the power of tidal waves, and wearing myself out every day, I could hardly keep my greedy wish. I wrote to Grandma, "In case something has happened to Mako, we thank you just the same," and sent it to Father who was then in Japan. Then I had no news to watch, no tears to cry. I could only look up to the skies with empty thought.

One day Father's letter came by plane. I saw a childish formal letter on red-lined paper such as Father used. It said, "I am going to school every day, walking on the mountain road. Please make yourself at ease." I thought this a composition of a farmer's boy whom Father met. And when I was about to wonder who this clever boy was, your signature, Mako, jumped to my eyes—"Mako Yashima"—and then, "To Mother." "This is from

Mako! To me!" I shouted, as my heart turned over for happiness. I do not remember what I did then. All I remember is that after that big excitement, I took that letter and Father's letter about meeting Mako again, and all the letters from Grandma, Aunt Yuki, Yoshi and Uncle-O to the bed, and fell into a sweet sleep, holding them close to my chest. The autumn breeze came in through the window. I felt I was floating on a pink cloud of heaven through the room. For the first time, long agony in my heart changed into something else.

Mako, it is three years since then. During those years, Grandpa came back to you, Uncle-Chika, Gi, and Jin came home. And finally Uncle-No came home last Christmas completing the family. We heard from Morita-san, Kiyoshi-san and Miyo-chan, who all lived through. Each news brought me tears that had power to cure my heart. Now it comes to the point where fourteen-year-old healthy Mako is coming to New York, and I became a rare happy woman. Mako, thank you for reading all. Now I really feel I should wash my face clean, after this letter, and make myself busy to prepare for a happy life with you. Please succeed in your solitary journey which you are longing to take, and appear at the New York station without fear of my tears.

Finally I come to the last problem. You wrote, "I am not too good at work, but I love school. When I have a day off, I miss it. I feel lonelier to be away from it than from Mother and Father." Also you wrote, "I am glad to go to Mother and Father, but it is hard to be away from my friends. Would there be good friends in America?" These were the saddest part of the letter. But made me very happy, too. Because there is no happier life than to have friends you like. And you have them. From now on, we will

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find the way to prevent your losing anybody you like. I am sure there must be a way. For now, I will write just about your future friends, the American children, about whom you have worried most.

Do you remember that four-year-old Mako who asked me, when I was leaving Japan, "When are you going to paint your eyes blue and your hair yellow?" with a pained tone as if I had to have an operation? Now I don't think I have to tell you if I had that operation. But it is a fact that people who have different colored eyes, skin, and hair, and who speak a different language seem strange. Also if you think of America with the mind of a schoolboy, a progressive country of democracy, or a country of conquering power, everything of America may seem different and not easy to approach. Surely they are all true, and there are differences and that is why we want to

live here. But that is not all. America is a country of human beings, and Americans are first of all human beings. And American children are human children.

Now it is the summer vacation. New York is full of children at play. They fill the playgrounds and the pools in the parks, and the playgrounds in the empty lots of the city. Still they do not have room to play, so they play on the streets. At the entrance of some streets they have signs, "Play Street, no cars," but still it is not enough for them, and they play anywhere.

Our street does not have such a sign, but children are playing baseball from morning to night, scattering over the right of way. They form groups by age. Taking the street by turn, they make bases wherever they like, depending on the number of members and the equipment they have. Sometimes they make a



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beautiful hit—comes the pleasant sound of "Quaan!" and the ball has hit higher than the roof. As it happens, they spend more time looking for the balls than playing. Sometimes they quarrel, pointing to the base angrily; and sometimes they throw the mitt or bat on the ground. Sometimes it even results in a fight; at other times they stick their heads together, shoulder to shoulder in consultation. When the ball jumps into the window, or the glass breaks, or the ball sticks on the roof or falls into the drainpipe, the children will be scolded, laughed at, excused, or quarreled with by neighborhood grownups. Some cars wait for the children to finish an exciting play and give them way; some drivers blow their horns like annoyed old men.

I am sure the children in Kobe are having experiences every day just like these children in New York. Some of the players of the street know Mako is coming. They ask me whenever they see me, "When is your son coming?" They must be thinking that it is nice to have a big game with a new boy in, rather more fun if he could be a strong member of the team. So you will never feel lonely here as long as you like to play like an ordinary child. You will be liked by friends here as much as you are liked by friends there. And I am sure that after you grow up, you will find friends in both countries as precious as both your legs and won't be able to tell which is more so.

So, while you are there, like your friends as much as you can, and try to be liked by them as much as you can. And do the same to Grandma and the family. And enjoy the sea, mountain, grass, trees, goats, dogs, and cats of

Japan so much you will never forget them in long future to come.

With love, Mother, in New York

Both Mitsu and Taro Yashima are artists who came to the United States from Japan in 1939 for independent study. Active anti-fascists, they had been imprisoned for fighting the Japanese militarists with their writing, painting, and cartoons. The story of this struggle and how under the interrogation of the secret police Mitsu fought to save the life of her unborn child, the Mako of this article, is told in vivid drawings and text in Taro Yashima's *The New Sun*, published by Henry Holt in 1943.

During the war, the Yashimas worked with the OWI and the OSS. In 1947 came Mr. Yashima's second book, *Horizon Is Calling*, a sequel to *The New Sun* (Henry Holt). Recently husband and wife have established a Japanese American Art Studio to encourage young Japanese American talent.

In recognition of their work for this country during the war, the Yashimas have been admitted by special Congressional bill to permanent residence in the United States. Their son Mako (expected to arrive on February 21st, as we go to press) has also been admitted for permanent residence. Mako will find a new addition to the family, a baby sister born last November, who has by right of birth the citizenship the rest of the family so eagerly covets. (Citizenship will eventually be possible if bills now before Congress to abolish discrimination in our immigration and naturalization laws secure favorable action.)

Mitsu Yashima has illustrated her own piece.

SECOND GENERATION: NEW YORK

LANGSTON HUGHES

Mama
Remembers the four-leaf clover
And the bright blue Irish sky.

I
Remember the East River Parkway
And the tug boats passing by.

I
Remember Third Avenue
And the el trains overhead,
And our one window sill geranium
Blooming red.

Mama
Remembers Ireland.
All I remember is here—
And it's dear!

Papa
Remembers Poland,
Sleighs in the wintertime,
Tall snow-covered fir trees,
And faces frosty with rime.

Papa
Remembers pogroms
And the ghetto's ugly days.
I remember Vocational High,
Park concerts,
Theatre Guild plays.

Papa
Remembers Poland.
All I remember is here—
This house,
This street,
This city—
And they're dear!

THE THING IN THEIR HEARTS

ELIZABETH WOLFE

OUTSIDE on the window ledge, a gray and brown bird hopped back and forth, looking for crumbs. Minnie unwrapped her lunch. The office atmosphere at noon was one of hushed expectancy. Everything looked ready to burst into activity at the stroke of the clock. The bookkeeping machines sat poised, with Gaylord's pale blue billheads sticking up from the rollers. Mr. Beamish's pen lay waiting in the deep seam of the ledger. Minnie looked at the columnar sheets on her own desk. This was the day for the Advertising Department trial balance. She was doing it alone for the first time, and the feeling of suspense in her chest gave her the queer sensation that she would float up from her chair if her feet were not firmly planted on the floor.

She bit into her sandwich and chewed slowly, trying to subdue this lighter-than-air feeling. The bird still hopped back and forth on the ledge, and, crumbling a piece of bread, Minnie reached carefully over the slanting glass of the ventilator and scattered the crumbs in one corner. The bird, perched on the far edge, cocked its head and with cautious hops came closer.

"Eat up all the crumbs," she said. "Don't leave a scrap."

Mr. Levine did not like her to feed the birds. One time, shortly after she had started on this job, he saw her scatter crumbs on the ledge, and later, when she went to his office with checks to be signed, he said, "Better to not feed the sparrows."

"I don't think they're sparrows, Mr. Levine."

He turned his head sharply toward her. His thick lenses, catching light in a sunburst of rays, sparkled like cut glass.

"To me all birds are sparrows, Miss Feigenbaum."

She laid the checks on his desk.

"Yes, Mr. Levine."

"Don't mistake me, Miss Feigenbaum. I'm not stopping you from kindness to animals." He tapped his fingers against the desk blotter. She noticed that his nails were trimmed square. They looked scrubbed and had a natural gloss.

"In my father's province, Miss Feigenbaum, the villagers had a saying, 'Gde Zhidi, tam vorobyi.' " He paused, and the tapping stopped. "That means, 'Where the Jews, there the sparrows.' "

She could not see his eyes through the light-struck lenses, but she could tell he was looking at her.

"Do we understand ourselves, Miss Feigenbaum?"

She nodded, and he waved in dismissal.

They did understand each other. Funny how you could tell about people, right from the beginning. She had known about Mr. Levine right away. And she felt he knew, too.

"Do you want a place to stay?" he had asked her, when he read her application blank. "A long time maybe?"

"Yes," she replied. "I'm looking for a house where I can work for years maybe. I'm getting too old to shift around. I need security now, not change. I'll do a

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good job for you, Mr. Levine. I'll be loyal—”

“Never mind. Never mind.” He waved his hands as if to hold back a crowd. “The young ones fly here and there. I need some steady ones who'll last. But you got to be good. You must know two and two. That's all—just two and two.”

“Yes, Mr. Levine.”

“This is a ritzy house. Not for people like us. But I have a knack they can use. Maybe you have a knack, too. Maybe we can work together.”

He looked out of the window to the parking lot below. The main wing of the store jutted out with its fluted stonework to cut off view of the tree-lined boulevard. He gave a funny little laugh. “They hide us in this cubbyhole. But the blood of the business is here in my department.”

Minnie fumbled with the ring of her handbag zipper.

“Don't get me wrong,” Mr. Levine said. “I'm not complaining. Gaylord, the big boss, is a fine man. He treats everybody like human beings.”

He took off his glasses and began to polish them. His eyes, she noticed, were a faded milky blue. He did not speak again until he had hooked the gold bows over his ears. “But Gaylord can't boss the hearts of all his help. Some of them —” He shrugged his shoulders. “You'll find out soon enough. Now never mind. Let me show you the desk where you will work.”

She found out a few days later, in the washroom. The outside door opened and she recognized Evelyn Prescott's voice.

“I told Mr. Olson that would happen if Gaylord made one of *them* head of a department. They bring in all their friends and relatives, and overrun a place.”

She suddenly broke off, and through the silence Minnie could imagine them mouthing soundless words at each other. She rustled toilet paper so that they

wouldn't bend down and recognize the corrective shoes she wore.

Their voices started again, a little strained, as they tried to talk lightly of the new ostrich-plumed hats.

“Did you see that fabulous pink one?” Evelyn Prescott said. “It's a dream.”

Minnie sat still, afraid to go out and face them. She waited until they finished renewing their makeup. When she heard the door slam shut, she went out and washed her hands under the cold water for a long time, turning the soap over and over in her fingers.

Now, as she chewed a dried black fig, she wondered what she could do to make Evelyn Prescott like her. No person was all bad or all good. Even Mr. Levine must have some little faults, although she couldn't pick them out yet. Give Evelyn Prescott a chance and she would probably be friendly, like Mr. Beamish the time he explained the whole bookkeeping system. Maybe the way to reach her heart was just to do a good job. Evelyn was the advertising manager's assistant. If she could find no fault with Minnie's work, then it might be her feelings would soften. Like the trial balance, say. If Minnie got it right the very first day and had it ready for Mr. Olson by late afternoon, who could help but soften a little and be pleased?

It was still fifteen minutes before the others would return. Minnie wrapped the fig stems in the sandwich paper and brushed up every stray crumb. A head start would lose her nothing.

She rolled off a blank space on the adding machine tape to make room for ink notations. As she picked out the digits of the first amount, the electric drone inside the machine tingled through the plastic to her fingertips. The tape unrolled like a yard of ribbon from her desk. She tore it off, penned the column heading at the top, and started a new strip.

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When one o'clock came, she paid no attention to the resumed activity all around her. Her fingers flew over the keys, and the automatic release pounded its dull thunder in trip-hammer rhythm.

She heard the tap of high heels across the floor and glanced up to see Evelyn Prescott leaning over Mr. Beamish's desk. The seams of her nylons made ink-sharp lines from the hem of her beige skirt to the exact center of her black suede heels. She was talking in low tones to Mr. Beamish, then suddenly spoke louder. "Give these invoices to Miss Feigenbaum when you're through. We want them checked and returned by four o'clock." She turned halfway round and Minnie caught the look that always sent a feeling of guilt through her like a wave. She knew that until she could overcome this sense of shame she would never get Miss Prescott to unbend, and yet she had no way to prevent the flush that burned her cheeks.

Evelyn Prescott turned back to Mr. Beamish and nodded toward Mr. Levine's door. "Hasn't he come back from lunch yet?"

"Not yet," Mr. Beamish said.

Minnie cleared her throat with a noise that sounded like a bark, and touched the keys of her adding machine. They felt slick. Automatically, she let her hand drop to the chair cushion and rubbed her moist palm and fingertips against the rough velvet covering.

The lighter-than-air feeling was completely dissolved. Her fingers worked as swiftly as ever, but a sense of dull routine smothered the spark she always felt in tackling a new job. Even when Mr. Levine came through on his way from lunch and said, "The trial balance goes good, Miss Feigenbaum? Let me know how you make out," the balm of his words was not enough to soothe the rawness.

When Mr. Beamish passed the invoices over to her, she raced through the simple arithmetic of monthly charges for radio time and billboard advertising, clipped the sheets together, and tossed them into the outgoing box, ready for the two o'clock pickup. At least she could make sure that Evelyn Prescott would never be able to complain about her speed.

It was almost four o'clock before Minnie completed totalling all the accounts. The six tapes lay on her desk, neatly folded so that the totals faced upward. Now that it was time for the final recapitulation, the comparing of the ledger totals with her own, the floating sensation crept back into her chest. She delayed the moment of discovery and sat there, staring at the folded tapes. What if only one digit were wrong? She might have to spend hours tracking down the error. She wanted it right immediately, not so much as a flag of defiance to Evelyn Prescott. She wanted it for Mr. Levine. It would be a way of saying thank you. It might in some little measure show him how much she appreciated his warmth and kindness, that she wanted to sustain him in his loneliness.

She realized she was being silly. Mr. Levine was too big a man to need the fragile prop she could lend him. And yet she knew she needed to lend him this feeble support. Only by doing this infinitesimal favor for him could she gather little crumbs of security for herself.

Her fingers hovered over the adding machine keys, then with smart taps pecked off the figures from the six tapes. She pressed the "Total" button and watched the keys leap up inch-long to record the numbers. Then she shut her eyes. She fumbled for the strip recording the ledger total and held it up near the adding machine. Then she opened her

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eyes. Digit for digit, the figures matched. She wanted to wave the tapes wildly, like streamers of confetti, and shout to all the office that she had succeeded at first try. Instead she sank back in her chair and gave herself time to calm down. Mr. Levine would be pleased.

As if he had sensed her thought, he opened the inner door and headed directly for her desk. He was holding a sheet of paper in his hand, but Minnie was struck mainly by the set lines of his mouth. His face looked as blank as the light-refracting glasses.

He tossed the paper on her desk and his words fell like a stone against her chest. "Mistakes we can't afford in this department, Miss Feigenbaum."

She saw a red circle around an item on a week-old invoice. Then everything blurred before her eyes. Mr. Levine's door snapped shut. With trembling fingers she tore the successful trial balance tape from the adding machine, collected all the other tapes, and looped them together with a rubber band. She stared at the neat little pile, not daring to look anywhere else for fear that all the workers in the office were watching her. Her cheeks burned and her throat felt choked with shame.

Picking up the red-circled invoice, she pretended to study it, but it quivered in her hand and made a rustling sound. She laid it back on the desk and stared at it with eyes that would not focus. Gradually the pattern of the invoice sharpened, and she saw two handwritten notes stapled at the top. One was a square of yellow paper, scrawled over in green ink: "Damn it, Levine. I won't put up with such mistakes. Better hire someone who knows simple arithmetic. Simple arithmetic, Levine. T. Olson." The other was pale blue with precise red-pencil lettering: "Mr. Olson—I thought you'd want to see the attached. Mr. Levine should know that

we could use less speed and more accuracy. E. Prescott."

The colors blurred and shifted like bits of glass in a kaleidoscope before Minnie's eyes. Evelyn Prescott could have come and talked the mistake over. Like one human being with another. She could have been as mad as she wanted, only not to tattle right off to Mr. Olson. To blame Mr. Levine. To humiliate a fellow creature for one little mistake.

She studied the invoice to see what the mistake was. She erased the total she had previously pencilled in and brushed away the eraser crumbs. Then she checked the extensions. A vague memory nibbled at her mind. Somehow the error looked too obvious. In her brain the mathematical calculation traced a familiar path. A week ago she would have noticed the difference in monthly billings. She studied the second item more carefully, remembering that she had done so once before. There was no error. Evelyn Prescott had fallen into a trap.

The feeling of relief made Minnie's lips relax, but she felt no satisfaction in being right. She wrote in the original figures. They looked so black and emphatic, almost defiant, that she erased the space again and with a harder pencil wrote the numbers in slender gray outlines. She wondered how she could explain this to Mr. Levine. The understanding between them had been shattered so swiftly she was afraid she could not find the words to mend it. Even though she could now prove she was right, that momentary distrust would have left its mark.

As she started for his office, Mr. Beamish glanced up. "Get it straightened out?" he asked.

She nodded dumbly.

Mr. Levine took the invoice from her without looking at it and tossed it into his outgoing box. His mouth was still set in tight hard lines.

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She waved her hand toward the invoice and her words came out in a sudden squeak. "There was no mistake. The second item is for February. Evelyn Prescott did not see that."

Mr. Levine turned his face up toward her but remained silent. Then he cleared his throat noisily, reached to pick up the invoice again, and studied it carefully. "So," he said. "It was Prescott's mistake after all."

Minnie nodded. "But anyone could have made it," she said. "I almost did myself. If she had only asked me."

She could not see his eyes, but his glasses shone up at her as if reflecting pleasure. He threw the invoice back into the box with a gesture of triumph. "Excuse me, Miss Feigenbaum. In my excitement and stupidness I forgot to ask you. How was the trial balance?"

Minnie almost gurgled. "The trial balance balanced, Mr. Levine. Digit for digit."

"Good," he said.

He took off his glasses. His milky blue eyes studied her face until she had to look away in embarrassment. When she glanced back, his mouth was twisted by a smile of sadness. Still smiling, he slowly polished his glasses with a clean white handkerchief. Then, looking up at her again, "You know, Miss Feigenbaum, it's the thing in their hearts that blinds their eyes," he said.

She stood there, watching him, feeling that her bones would turn to liquid in the pathos of that smile. Then, hardly knowing what she said, she murmured, "Thank you, Mr. Levine. Thank you very much," and backed out through the door.

Elizabeth Wolfe is one of Wallace Stegner's graduate students at Stanford University. Her first published story, "Russian Christmas," appeared in our Winter 1949 issue.

DRESS PARADE

Here are Americans in traditional Old World holiday costume, celebrating festivals in the United States. Sometimes it is a New World festival which brings out the costumes: Columbus Day, Pulaski Day, the Tulip Festival, I Am an American Day, New York City's Golden Jubilee, the Swedish American Centennial. At other times it is a transplanted Old World holiday: St. Patrick's Day, Midsummer, the various independence days, the Chinese New Year, the birthday of Bobbie Burns, when the kilts and bagpipes go skirling down Fifth Avenue or Main Street. Whatever the occasion, the nationality costumes on parade are by now a colorful and thoroughly American phenomenon, a kind of symbol of American maturity, a moving away from the old repressive type of Americanization toward acceptance and deep appreciation of the United States as the meeting-ground and working-together-ground of people from all over the earth.

"YOU CAN'T LEGISLATE AGAINST PREJUDICE"— OR CAN YOU?

ARNOLD M. ROSE

As DEMOCRATS in a country which has at least the ideal of democracy, those of us who are working to equalize opportunity for all do not like to think of using non-democratic methods to achieve our goals. Yet we must, if we are to be objective, examine the effects of all approaches. We should at least know the potentialities of a method even if we decide not to use it.

A significant amount of evidence has become available to indicate that the attitude of prejudice, or at least the practice of discrimination, can be substantially reduced by authoritative order. For some time we have had the evidence from Soviet Russia that laws against discrimination had proved effective there. But much of the discrimination in pre-Soviet, Czarist Russia had been created by the government rather than by the common people, and when that prejudiced government was overthrown, discrimination naturally declined. Also there has been some argument as to whether prejudice itself has diminished any in Soviet Russia even though discrimination has been made illegal. Another source of inconclusiveness from the Soviet evidence has been the fact that the Russian people have been used to accepting dictatorial orders from time immemorial, whereas Americans like to be independent and to make up their own minds on these and other matters. Most important of all, most interested Americans have said, "They may have got rid of prejudice, but at what a price!

We'll take the longer route and keep our present liberties."

Yet in the last few years, evidence has been available from within the United States that the authoritative method works, though there has been hesitation to examine the evidence or analyze its implications. Some of the examples have been provided by authoritarian institutions within our culture. The United States Army gave us one of our first cases. During the Second World War, the Army experienced much friction between racial groups, and deadly riots were not unknown even if the news about them was more or less suppressed. But the riots and other overt manifestations of ill feeling occurred only where the traditional pattern of segregation was maintained. When the Army ordered its Negro and white troops to live together, eat together, and work together, not only were there no fights, but in the one instance where an attitude study was made, a marked decline of prejudice was proved. Such unsegregated situations included officers' training camps, hospitals, staging areas from which unattended troops were sent overseas, troop ships, and replacement depots overseas from which troops were sent into operating units. As far as I have been able to find out, such situations never produced a pitched battle between Negroes and whites. The fights and riots occurred when white and Negro troops occupied segregated quarters in the same camp or the same area.

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The one study carried out to test the attitudes of white soldiers after Negroes had been integrated into their outfits was made by the Research Branch of the Army's Information and Education Division (this specific project was directed by Dean Manheimer and Robin Williams). The situation was that, under the stress of the great need for infantry troops toward the end of the war in Europe, the Army took Negro volunteers from other branches of service, organized them into platoons with white officers and noncoms, and attached these platoons to white companies in eleven combat divisions. A survey was taken among a representative sample of the white officers and noncoms two months after they had started operations with the Negro troops. At first only a third said they were at all favorable to the idea of having Negroes in their companies. But, after two months, 77 per cent said they had become more favorable; none said they had become less favorable. Over 80 per cent said the colored soldiers in their company performed very well in combat. Over 80 per cent said that the white and Negro soldiers were getting along very well or fairly well. Answers to other questions showed that the white officers and noncoms thought highly of the Negro troops. Another survey was taken among white enlisted men: Of those in divisions where there were no mixed companies, 62 per cent said they would dislike it very much if there was a Negro platoon in their company. But among white men who were already in mixed companies, only 7 per cent said they disliked it very much. All the findings in these surveys showed that experience with Negro troops markedly reduced opposition to their use in mixed companies. Their congeniality and effectiveness in combat were attested to. It should be remembered, however, that the Negro soldiers were volunteers, and therefore

perhaps a select group. On the other hand, it was found that they were fairly typical of Negro soldiers generally, in respect to education, intelligence, and region of origin.

Another unusual example of racial integration in the Army existed at Schofield Barracks, Hawaii, where the Commanding General in the postwar years 1945 to 1947 decided to eliminate racial segregation and discrimination. The camp had a sizable proportion of Negroes as well as different kinds of Orientals and whites, and it included civilian workers as well as service men. There was separation by rank but not by race. Both among soldiers and among civilians there was absolutely no racial segregation in housing, recreation, or work. Civilians were informed of the post's rules when they arrived, and they were obliged to sign a statement that they had been so informed. The general played no racial favorites in making appointments and had Negroes on his staff. The effort to carry out this general's racially equalitarian point of view seems to have been completely successful and to have had happy results.

Since the end of the war, the Army has been adamant against the further reduction of segregation. But the Navy, which was formerly the more conservative of the two branches in this respect, has decided to abolish segregation completely, in land installations as well as aboard ship. Not only have there been no reported instances of friction, but the Navy seems pleased with the results. It is difficult and more expensive to maintain segregation in the Armed Forces, just as it is in civilian life. It is also a militarily inefficient way to use troops, and it must be acknowledged that the Army and Navy could make relatively little use of their segregated Negro soldiers and sailors. There is little doubt that

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the President of the United States, by mere executive order because of his position as commander-in-chief, could abolish segregation in the Army, reduce prejudice, and contribute materially to military efficiency. Political expediency (fear of losing white civilian votes) is undoubtedly a major reason why the President does not do so today, but it is difficult to understand why he did not give the order a few years ago when it could have been done without political fanfare and no civilian repercussion.

Another instance of reducing prejudice by fiat has been provided by the Catholic Church in St. Louis. Missouri has had a complete system of segregated public schools, although privately owned schools were never required by law to limit their facilities to one race or the other. In 1946, St. Louis University, a Jesuit institution, opened its doors to Negroes, and there were no unfavorable repercussions. In the following year, Archbishop Ritter ordered the abolition of segregation in the parochial elementary and secondary schools. This time there was open opposition. About 700 Catholic parents formed a group to protest. For some reason, the Archbishop refused to see them, and the group threatened legal action. The Archbishop then hit back with a letter threatening excommunication to anyone who participated in legal action against him. The group next tried to go over the Archbishop's head by appealing to the Apostolic Delegate from the Vatican to Washington. The Apostolic Delegate answered that the Archbishop was the final authority, and no Catholic should disobey him. Some sort of pressure was then put on the chairman of the parents' group, for at the next meeting—when the Apostolic Delegate's answer was first made public in St. Louis (although it had been made available to newspapers elsewhere a week earlier)—he said he would enter-

tain only one motion, that for the dissolution of the protesting group. When a large number of the parents protested, he pleaded with them and finally ended up in tears with the statement, "What happened to me this week, I don't want to happen to anyone else in this organization." A minority of 50 persons still wanted to go on with the protest as the meeting broke up in excitement and disorder. A few of these withdrew their children from the parochial schools and presumably sent them to the segregated public schools.

Two or three months later, after several of the Catholic high schools and grammar schools admitted the few Negroes who applied, an interview survey was conducted among a representative cross section of St. Louisans by door-to-door canvass. The results have never before been made public. The survey dealt with many things but, included at the end, there were questions with respect to Negroes that were asked of whites only. One of the questions was, "Would you object to Negro and white students going to the same schools?" Two other questions asked if Negroes should be permitted to live in the same block and in the same building with whites. It was found that, although Catholics were significantly more in favor of residential segregation than were Protestants, there was no difference in their attitude toward school segregation. As large a proportion as 27 per cent among the Catholics, as compared to 14 per cent among the Protestants, could say that they did not think Negroes should be permitted to live in the same building or even in the same block as white persons, but did not object to have them attending the same school. Since the proportion of Catholics in favor of residential segregation was 16 percentage points greater than among the Protestants, while there was practically no

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difference in their attitude toward school segregation, we may conclude that it was about that proportion of Catholics who "opened their minds" to letting Negro children into hitherto all-white schools in the short space of three months. Six months after the policy went into effect, a reporter for the St. Louis Post-Dispatch was told by Archdiocesan officials that they had "received not one report of friction among white and Negro pupils since the new policy of Archbishop Joseph E. Ritter was put into effect." Such was the consequence of the Archbishop's order.

The Army and the Catholic Church would probably be regarded as authoritarian institutions, even by military and Catholic leaders, at least in respect to the type of behavior we are discussing. But the President of the United States is not usually regarded as an authoritarian leader with respect to the American people as a whole. Yet it must be remembered that President Roosevelt by executive order created the Fair Employment Practice Committee, probably against the wishes of Congress and of the majority of the American people (if they had had a chance to vote), and thereby markedly reduced discrimination in industry and probably even reduced general prejudice. Since the publication of Malcolm Ross's book, *All Manner of Men*, as well as articles by other people connected with the FEPC, there can be no doubt that the FEPC had a noteworthy effect on industries operating under government contract. FEPC did not deviate from democratic principles in several important respects. In the first place, Congress could have abolished it at any time, but did not choose to do so until the war was over. Second, under American law and business practice, a person who orders goods under contract—in this case the President of the United States—has the privilege of specifying the conditions under which

that contract will be fulfilled, and the manufacturer has the privilege of rejecting the contract. Since the latter privilege was not violated, the FEPC order was not really authoritarian. Third, the FEPC operated by means of persuasion, investigation, and publicity, rather than through order and punishment. Nevertheless, few would hold that the wartime FEPC was a product of typical democratic processes.

The question we are considering is not one of the relative value of democracy and totalitarianism. It is rather of the psychological effects on prejudice of those laws which are aimed at preventing public display of prejudice. To the extent that one is afraid of breaking the law, one is willing to forego manifesting the form of prejudice which is prohibited by the law. Then, perhaps because people do not like to admit they are afraid and like to claim freedom of the will, they rationalize their prejudice and say they never really believed in that kind of discrimination anyway. Even if they previously did have a divided conscience, the law has scored a victory in reducing prejudice. Whether there is rationalization or not, the breaking down of the discrimination and segregation affords the opportunity for prejudiced people to see those against whom they are prejudiced as equal human beings. For people not too deeply beset by irrational fears and hatreds, this tends to reduce some of the stereotypes and therefore some of the prejudice. These psychological effects on prejudice of laws against discrimination ought not to be greatly different whether promulgated by a democracy or by a dictatorship. There probably are psychological differences of other types, which affect one's sense of independence, self-confidence, responsibility, and so on. There is also usually the difference that under a democracy more people are in favor of the law, and would vote in favor of it if they had a chance to discuss

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it and vote on it, than would be true under a dictatorship. Thus, a law against discrimination would have the same result in reducing prejudice in a democracy as in a dictatorship, except that more people could be expected to be affected in a dictatorship and there would be accessory undemocratic effects.

A recent study by Gerhart Saenger, conducted under the auspices of the Research Committee on Intergroup Relations and the Commission on Community Interrelations, reveals some of these psychic effects of a law against discrimination. The law is New York State's FEPC, which provides that there be no discrimination in hiring employees on the basis of race, creed, or color. The broad effects of this law in getting employers to hire Negroes, Jews, Italians, and members of other minority groups have been reported by Herbert Northrup in an article for *Commentary* (December 1947). The Saenger study raises the question of the reaction of customers of retail trade establishments which have hired Negroes in response to the law. The law does not apply to customers, and they can withdraw their trade if they so desire. The study involved comparing the attitudes of customers buying from Negro clerks with attitudes of customers buying from white clerks in a large department store in New York City. Two observers were stationed near those sales counters where Negro and white clerks worked side by side. After a Negro and a white clerk had each finished with a customer, the observers followed him out into the street and interviewed him. All respondents were completely unaware that they had been observed talking either to a Negro clerk or to a white clerk standing near the Negro, and thus the respondents' actual behavior could be compared with the opinions and prejudices.

Included in the interview was a test of prejudice toward Negro clerks. There was absolutely no difference in prejudice between customers who had dealt with Negro clerks and customers who had dealt with white clerks, and yet the customers could have chosen the clerks they preferred. In other words, there was no relationship between prejudicial attitudes and discriminatory behavior. Saenger offers two explanations for this discrepancy between what people say and how they act, and offers more facts in support of these explanations. His data reveal two contradictory motives for action: (1) prejudice, which would lead the person to leave the store or wait for a white clerk; (2) the desire to finish the shopping quickly and to buy in that particular store because of its advantages. Both these attitudes came out in the interview, but—because they are contradictory—both could not be acted on simultaneously in the store. The second explanation stems from what Myrdal calls an "American dilemma"—the coexistence in the average American of a prejudicial attitude with a belief in the fundamental right of equal opportunity for all. Either attitude can be activated, depending upon the prejudiced person's conception of the situation. Studies by Jahoda and Ackerman, Allport and Kramer, Frenkel-Brunswik and Sanford, show that prejudiced persons are conformists (because they are insecure). Hence if confronted with a *fait accompli*—the Negro sales persons—the prejudiced customer believes that others must have accepted the fact of these Negro clerks. Perhaps the existence of the law convinces him that public opinion supports it, and he also does not wish to go against public opinion.

Rationalization helps to resolve the inner conflict. Of the 26 people who said they were against being served by Negro clerks and yet had chosen a Negro clerk

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to wait on them, three said they would never allow themselves to be waited on by a Negro. Fully one-third of all customers talking to a white clerk standing beside a Negro sales person, and one-fourth of all customers talking to a Negro clerk stated within an hour after this contact that they had *never* seen any Negro clerks in department stores. Saenger observes: "The failure to perceive or to recall the color of the sales people who served them prevents many prejudiced customers from becoming aware of their own inconsistency."

While rationalizations of this sort are future promises of reduction of prejudice, Saenger's study reveals some evidence that prejudice has already been reduced as a result of experience with perhaps only one Negro sales person. Twenty-one per cent of the group interviewed were not against the hiring of Negro clerks generally but disapproved of them in certain "more intimate" sales departments. The interesting thing was that those who had seen Negroes in the food department never objected to their handling food, but did not want them in the clothing department. And those who had seen them in the lingerie and clothing departments objected only to Negroes handling food. The evidence is most suggestive that the readiness to accept Negroes in a given department by these partially prejudiced people is a function of Negroes being there already—which in turn is a result of the employer's conformity with the law. Although Saenger's findings need to be verified with more cases, the existing evidence seems to be that New York State's FEPC law has reduced prejudice as well as discrimination.

We have known for a long time that prejudice could be created by authoritarian order and law. Anti-Semitism increased strikingly in Russia and Germany after the 1870s when the governments of

those countries decided to use it as a tool to bolster their declining power. Although historians as well as laymen seem to have forgotten it, prejudice and discrimination against the Negro in our own southern states was much greater after 1890 when segregation laws were enacted than in the previous quarter of a century when the federal government made some effort to prevent the defeated states from enacting such laws. Changes in favor of the Negro are once more occurring in the South as the Supreme Court of the United States is finding some of those laws unconstitutional. These changes are not only in practices but also in attitudes, although the changes have some of their roots in causes other than Supreme Court decisions.

Although France rejected anti-Semitism when the Dreyfus case was revealed to be a part of a plot to overthrow the Republican form of government, and France had long been a haven of racial and religious tolerance, when the Nazis conquered the country they enacted laws and put out propaganda which increased anti-Semitism strikingly. This was true even though most Frenchmen hated the Germans and never ceased to hate them, as Elizabeth Zerner shows in an article in the Summer 1948 issue of the Public Opinion Quarterly. The Nazis had the authority and controlled the sources of power, and the average Frenchman changed at least some of his attitudes to conform to the Nazis' demands.

If it has been thus demonstrable for a long time that law and power could create or increase attitudes of prejudice, it should not be surprising from newly available evidence that law and power would also decrease prejudice. Yet the latter conclusion has been contrary to most experts' opinions for a long while. Perhaps the sociologists have misled us with their notion of "mores," "folkways," and

"YOU CAN'T LEGISLATE AGAINST PREJUDICE"—OR CAN YOU?

the "inevitable" slowness of social change. Or perhaps those who have the greatest stake in prejudice have misled us with their militant statements that nothing could change their way of life, that any efforts to do so would result in violence. Now that we know law and authority can reduce prejudice, we have to reorient our thinking from these older misleading positions to two new questions: first, how can we make such laws under a democracy and keep them compatible with democracy; and second, how can the laws be made most effective in reducing prejudice and least disruptive of other aspects of life?

A great deal more thinking and research needs to be done on both these questions. As far as getting the laws is concerned, the answers seem to lie in the direction of utilizing all the processes which are afforded by a democracy and yet not fully employed now. The first steps have already been taken to eliminate the laws which promote prejudice by demonstrating their unconstitutionality. The federal courts have gone a long way in recognizing this by insisting that discrimination by government is illegal. But they still have not seen the logical and factual bases of proof that segregation inevitably results in discrimination and is therefore also illegal. More legal and sociological research is needed to present a sounder proof to the courts. On the side of getting positive legislation—such as New York's FEPC, New Jersey's anti-segregation clauses, and the various civil rights laws—the democratic processes of education and persuasion need to be

stepped up and refined. Saenger's study shows that these laws will not be as disruptive as many pessimists predict. People are probably able to incorporate changes much more easily than we have hitherto believed, and they rationalize changes in their attitudes and behavior so that they may not even be aware of the changes. We also know that practically all Americans—even the more prejudiced ones—have some feelings against prejudice and discrimination because the latter run counter to the democratic ideals and the conception of "fair play." If a law is in conformity with democratic ideals, its passage and enforcement might be considered not a deprivation of the rights of the individual who was opposed to the law before its passage, but rather a means of bringing him into closer conformity with his own ideals. Thus, the more recent studies are bringing in a changing conception of the role of law in reducing prejudice.

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An earlier discussion of the role of legislation in abolishing prejudice may be found in Marie Syrkin's "Laws Educate," in the Summer 1945 issue of CG.

NEARER TO THE SUN

MARY McGONIGAL

I NEVER saw either of them except those three times that one day. That day still seems connected in my mind with the warm simple color of the sunlight.

I was just a kid then, in a small upstate town. Almost everybody in town looked more or less like my own family—in a general way, I mean. I had studied about Indians in school, of course, but I had never seen one, except in the circus. I knew a few Negroes—ones who were porters or chauffeurs. They were very nice. But the rest of them lived in shanties across the tracks because they were naturally shiftless and liked to live that way. As to Indians, most of them lived on reservations, where the Government could take care of them because they were too simple and childlike to take care of themselves. That was just the way I thought about them, without questions or quotation marks. That was where Indians and Negroes and those other dark-complected people were supposed to fit into the world as I knew it.

Just the way I was supposed to fit in by being a good girl (that came under my mother's department), and a little lady (that came under my father's). Of course, there was another kind of being good too—the kind that came mostly under Reverend Fredericks' department. But that was an easier kind, being only on Sundays.

I never gave any particular thought to the fact that I was white. That was just the natural way to be. Except I did use to notice that whenever my father wanted

to say something really good about a person, he would say, "He's a real white man!"

Well, in those days trick advertising stunts were all the thing. You were always seeing twenty mules pulling a covered wagon through the streets, or a Mutt and Jeff clumping along on stilts distributing handbills. So one Saturday in the early fall, about the time the automobile companies began pushing the next year's models, it wasn't surprising to see the odd spectacle that came rolling slowly along our elm-shaded block: a blazing-yellow Hiawatha roadster, draped with a big banner saying to come to Morris Brothers' Salesrooms that night for the unveiling of the new models—free cider, free entertainment; at the wheel a black-faced figure in a resplendent outfit that might have been worn by a chauffeur in a dream about a circus; and in the back seat, an Indian, no less, sitting solemnly with folded arms, funny braids hanging down under a headdress with long drooping feathers, and a big silver necklace draped across the front of a bright-red shirt.

"Hiawatha," said my father, looking out the window. "That's a good tie-up." The kids from all the houses on the block came tearing out flapping their hands across their mouths and whooping, and of course I ran out too.

The first surprising feeling came when we all barged up to the roadster when it had to stop for a light, and saw the two faces at close range. Not dressed-up white

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people, as we had all expected, without stopping to think about it. Not sheepish pale faces looking smudgily out from behind makeup. One face bright-black and glossy, with a wide nose and big firmly folded mouth. The other, colored about like the wood of our mahogany dining-room set, with broad cheeks and deep-in, opaque black eyes. What seemed the funniest of all to us kids was that neither of them even winked at us. Some of the boys began sighting along imaginary guns and yelling, "The only good Injun is a dead Injun. Bang, bang!" A couple of girls jumped up on the running board and tried to grab a feather off the headdress. But the two in the car paid hardly any attention. Something inside of them was taking it all seriously.

I forgot all about it until that afternoon when I went for a bicycle ride out along the creek road. I was all by myself—I guess my best friend and I must have had a fight that day. If the two of us had been together, we would have turned and fled when we saw those two sitting there in our special hollow by the creek bend. They looked a little different with ordinary clothes on, but it was the same two, and there was the blazing yellow roadster driven off the road into some bushes. I was still standing gaping behind the bushes when the Negro caught sight of me and waved a hand.

"Hi, sister," he called in a deep easy voice. "Say, come here a minute, will you? Have you had square roots in school yet?" He had a pad on his knees and a book beside him.

I guess my astonishment at a grownup sitting by a creek doing square roots was stronger than my mother's vague but terrifying intimations about what strange men have in mind when they speak to little girls—especially any of those dark-complected ones. Besides, I was good in arithmetic and very cocky about it. I

edged up and looked at what he had put down on his pad—it was all wrong.

"You can't do it like just plain long division," I said loftily.

The Indian was sitting a little apart, tailor-wise, with his hands on his knees and his eyes looking way off. He glanced around for a minute, looking not very pleased to see me. But he didn't say anything—after a minute he just looked away again. And with the black one reaching his book and pad over to me with such a serious, interested expression on his face, I would have been ashamed to act afraid. "Here," I said, "let me show you."

I took the book and the pad and sat down on the grass—a little way off, where I could run for my bicycle if I had to. I crossed out the wrong figures and started the example all over again. By the time I had the square root derived it didn't seem nearly so funny to look up and see the two I was sitting with. Even though the easy-voiced black one had edged right up next to me to watch the way I was doing it.

"There," I said. "Now see if you can do the next one yourself." Chewing earnestly on a long blade of grass, I watched him go to work. He got it right this time. But I had to nibble clear down to the end of my grass-blade before I could get up the nerve to ask him the question I wanted to ask.

"What are you doing arithmetic for at your age?" I finally blurted. "You're old, aren't you? You must be twenty."

One of the things I can remember about him was the funny kind of laugh he had. A nice laugh, that sounded good coming out of his throat, like water running along the creek. But right in the middle of talking about something that seemed very serious to me, he'd laugh that way—and all the time his eyes stayed serious, and a little puzzled, as though

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he knew there was a joke somewhere but he wasn't exactly sure what it was.

He laughed the funny laugh right there, I remember. "Well," he said. "I guess it does sound funny to you. But I go to high school, wintertimes, in the city. I go nights—it's an extension course for adults. Reason I have to study like this outside is—there's a whole slew of things I guess I ought to know from school I just plain can't seem to remember. Those grades we were having square roots and those things—I had a terrible time passing. I was always going to sleep right while the teacher was talking. They sent my mother a note about it—said it was because I didn't get enough green vegetables!" He gave the laugh again, rocking back and forth as though that was the funniest thing he had ever heard, tossing some of the laugh over to his friend with the funny braids.

I started to say in a toplofty way that it wasn't funny at all—my teacher always told us green vegetables were very important. But somehow I thought better of it, and started asking instead what their names were, and where they were from, and how they came to be driving around in the yellow car that way.

Funny, I can still remember all the details—all he told me, that is. I guess that's because it was one of those first times in life—the first time I ever talked to people so different from myself that they hardly seemed real.

The black fellow's name was Wendell Randolph. He had gone to school right through until his father got disabled lifting a heavy crate on his janitor's job. After that he and his mother both had to go to work, she at house cleaning and he in a shoe factory. After a while his folks died, and then he started going to school nights so he could get his high school credits. But he got pretty sick of just working and going to school, he said.

Summers he always tried to pick up some job that would get him out of the city. He had seen an ad for a personable chauffeur, and it turned out to be this job, driving the yellow roadster for the Hiawatha Company.

Hiawatha—that was the only name I ever knew for the quiet mahogany-colored fellow—had heard about the job from a friend who did circus and theatrical work. Before that he'd been working in a box factory, up near the reservation that was about a hundred miles north of our town. But he needed to take outdoor work for a while, the company doctor told him—he was threatened with TB.

"TB?" I repeated. To me it was a word to be said in a whisper, not calmly, the way Wendell said it about his friend. It scared me so I turned right around to the Indian, with all the officiousness of my age. "If you're going to get TB," I said severely, "you should be in a hospital!"

He turned around for a minute and gave me a glare with his deep eyes. Then he gave a grunt and turned away. It made me very mad for a minute, the way he did it. Except I got distracted from being mad by noticing that the little grunt he gave didn't sound a bit like "Ugh, ugh," the way they always spelled Indian talk in the books.

Wendell didn't seem to notice his friend's action. He just went on talking in his gentle voice. "Hospitals are all right, I guess," he said, "if you have a nice room and a doctor that knows your name, and all that. But lots of times, when our people have to go, it's different. Like my father I was telling you about—he died in a hospital. It was one of those great big ones, with a separate part for colored—you had to go in a different door. Ma and I started to rush right in the main door—it was a block nearer than the other one. But they stopped us and made us go clear around. When we

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finally got to the right ward, they were just putting a screen around Pa's bed—they wouldn't let us go in. I guess he died right while we were going around outside. Or maybe it was before—I don't know. Anyhow, we never even got to say good-bye to him."

He turned away and began doing some more arithmetic.

All of a sudden I remembered something. When I was nine years old, I had to go to the hospital to have my tonsils out. I'd never been away from home before, and in the middle of the night I began calling my mother so loudly that the hall nurse came running in, her skirt flapping angrily. When she got to my bed she just glared at me and said "Shut up, you," and marched out again. Of course I wasn't old enough then to think about the other patients, or how overworked the nurse probably was. I just hated her with a hate that made me ache all over. And I was scared of her, too—so scared that after she'd flapped out again I didn't dare even cry. I remembered what my father said when I told about it at home—he was furious. "What do they mean," he shouted to my mother, "treating her like some low foreigner's brat?"

I felt like telling Wendell and Hiawatha about that time. But just thinking about that nurse choked me up so I couldn't even talk for a while. And by the time the choking feeling had gone away, the two friends seemed to have forgotten all about hospitals. They were just sitting there.

They had a sort of quiet togetherness between them all the time—they didn't even seem to need to talk to each other. I had never seen friends like that. My father was always saying to his friends, "Mac, let me tell you about the deal I got out of those people." And my mother said to hers, "Do you think it's really true about Mrs. S.?" And I said to mine,

"I've got a new dress and a pocketbook to match." But they just sat there.

It felt nice, being so quiet. But it made me nervous after a while. "Don't you have to go to work or anything?" I asked.

Yes, Wendell said, they'd have to be getting along pretty soon. Daytimes they were supposed to drive the roadster all through each new town, and evenings they had to entertain the people who came to the showroom to see the new cars. But in the afternoons, he said, they always took a while to just sit quietly someplace. Wendell studied his school books, and sometimes Hiawatha played the Indian flute. I noticed he had a painted wooden tube thing lying on the grass beside him. I wanted him to blow it, but Wendell said he wasn't in the mood right then. "You know," he said, "his people feel there's something kind of holy about music—they don't make it just any time."

I kept trying to figure out what was so special about them—the quietness, and the way dark thoughts like that about hospitals seemed to come up behind their eyes and then flow out again, leaving them just the same, not surprised or gloomy. The sun had begun to get low by that time, making everything look warm and close and rosy around us. Perhaps it was just that trick of the light that made me connect up the whole thing with the color of their skins. The two faces came out in a sudden glow that looked somehow as if the sunlight were flowing right through them, in and out again. It was shining on me too, of course, but it only made my hands and arms look funny-colored and speckly, sort of washed-out. Maybe it was just my own new friendly feelings trying to talk in a kind of poetry, because I wasn't old enough to put any other words to them. But it's funny how to this day, when I find myself wanting something or feeling some-

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thing so much I can't stand it, I remember those two faces and think, "Just let it flow in and out of you, like the sun."

After a while I said awkwardly that I must be going. I remember how proud I felt when they kept waving after me as I pedalled off. "They're very nice men," I said to myself casually, feeling very grown up. "They're friends of mine."

Just the same, I didn't say anything to my parents. I knew my father would look stern and say, "Fanny, if you're going to stop to talk to tramps on the roads, I shall have to take away that bicycle." And my mother would gasp and say, "Thank God you're all right!" Now, of course, I can understand and appreciate how well they both would have meant it. But then I just didn't want to hear any such kind of talk.

When my father said at supper he thought he'd run down and take a look at the new Hiawathas, I did a funny thing—a terribly brave thing, really, for me. I just calmly asked if I could go along. Which sounds simple enough, of course. But you know how kids are. I was in a cold sweat all the way on the bus, thinking what I'd say to Father if the two waved at me or anything. "Father'd kill me!" I thought, in the only-half-pleasurable kind of panic kids can work themselves into. And I didn't want to lose my bicycle, either.

In Morris Brothers' salesrooms, there were a couple of rows of chairs placed on the floor, and up in front were some cars all muffled up in bunting. When we came in, Hiawatha was standing in the clear space in front of the cars.

He had his Indian clothes on. He was beating a flat drum that he held up sideways close to his shoulder, and he was making the queerest, high, howling noises I had ever heard. It took me a good minute to realize he was supposed to be singing. Before I had it figured out, the

song was over. I started to clap, because that was polite even if it sounded funny. But I stopped, because nobody else clapped at all.

Wendell came out on the floor, in his circusy chauffeur's uniform. He took the drum and sat down on the floor and began to beat the drum-skin with a stick, fast and steady. Hiawatha stood still listening to it for a little while, and then he began to dance—at least I didn't have any trouble figuring that out. Bending over a little from the hips, he did a low, light hopping and stamping step—slowly at first, and then faster and faster, twisting from side to side and striking his mocassined feet on the floor with a soft exciting sound. He had heavy bells tied to his ankles. Their clashing grew louder as he danced, and below his tall tossing feathers his face seemed to grow darker, the eyes looking deeper than ever and seeming full of sparks when the light fell on them. Wendell bent over the drum and, as he kept beating, the bright-black flesh seemed to draw tighter across the bones of his face.

For a while, as I watched and listened, this part of the entertainment seemed pretty funny too. Then after a time I began to get a feeling—as though I were dancing, as though the drum and not my heart were sending my blood through me. It was a scary sort of feeling, but wonderful—wild like wind blowing, but very solemn too, and quite holy, like in church when the choir sang the high up-and-up part about "All flesh shall see it together." The people in the chairs were leaning forward, their mouths drooping slightly. I saw Reverend Fredericks beginning to smile in an undecided sort of way.

Hiawatha came to a halt all of a sudden, like a statue, looking very proud and marvellous. By that time I was feeling so easy and fine I started clapping furiously.

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ously. In a minute I stopped, very embarrassed, because again I was the only one applauding. My father turned his head and gave me a funny frown—which scared me to death, especially when I saw Hiawatha look around at the same time, to see where the clapping had come from.

I sat looking carefully down at my lap for quite a while—there was a fidgety kind of stir in the room and Father muttered, “Why don’t they do something lively while they’re at it?” The next thing I heard was a deep, chesty-sounding voice—it was Hiawatha’s—saying very importantly, “I will now do a scalping dance.” Quite a few people clapped their hands at that, and the drum began again. When I looked up, Hiawatha, holding a glittering knife in his hand, was dancing again—only in a funny, flopping sort of way this time, making wild grimaces and pretending to peer in different directions with one hand held above his eyes.

All of a sudden he made a dash, snatched the drum away from Wendell, and dragged him out into the middle of the cleared space. He began chasing him around the floor, flourishing his knife and grunting “Ugh, ugh”—just the way they spelled it in the books. Wendell began acting like the blackface men in the vaudeville show—wobbling his legs and arms around foolishly and yelling, “You got me wrong, boss—that wa’n’t your squaw you seen me out squawndering ma time with last night!” They had a long tussle in the middle of the floor, getting into positions that made everybody scream out laughing, and then Hiawatha pretended to kill Wendell and cut off his scalp. The “scalp” was a long blond lady’s hair switch that Hiawatha pulled out of his sleeve. He put away the knife and strutted around with the scalp. Then he pulled a whiskey bottle out of his

pocket, pretended to take a long drink, and went staggering around pretending to stumble over his own feet.

By that time everybody was laughing and clapping for all they were worth. I wasn’t though, because I hadn’t even figured out that it was supposed to be funny. I was ashamed of my new friends for acting so silly, and ashamed of the people for acting as though they thought it was wonderful, even my father and Reverend Fredericks. I felt queer—I wished I hadn’t come.

After a while, Hiawatha, looking very happy, stepped forward, holding up both his hands as if asking the people to get quiet. When they had quieted down, he still stood there for quite a few minutes, with his hands up, seeming to be waiting for something to tell him what to say. His eyes changed, looking deep and far-away again, the way they had out by the creek.

“Friends,” he said slowly, in his chesty voice, “it makes me proud and happy that you have enjoyed the songs and dances of my people. It makes me very happy to be called by the name of Hiawatha. Hiawatha was a great chief, who did good things for his people. Ladies and gentlemen, I am an American, my friend here is an American, we are all Americans. When we ride in this beautiful car, we should be like great American chiefs and do good things for our people. We thank you.” He came the nearest I ever saw him come to smiling. Wendell, where he was standing back by the cars, made a little easy motion of his hand, and smiled too.

Their faces were lighted up again, as they had been that afternoon. Except that now there wasn’t any sunlight. There was no light in the room except the cold glare of the electric lights. The lighted-up look was coming from inside

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those two faces—it had something to do with the dancing and singing and the funny holy feeling that had felt like being in church.

Now, when I think about that little speech of Hiawatha's, it makes me want to cry, just for a minute. Then it makes me want to rush out and do a lot of things for a lot of people with all different colors of faces—white ones too. I do what I can, and by now, of course, I've learned how hard and complicated it is, and how hopeless it often seems. That's when I have to say those words to myself,

about just letting it flow in and out, like the sun.

Then, of course, I didn't understand much about it. I just felt suddenly very fond of my two friends. I stood up and waved to them, right in front of my father. And they waved back.

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UNIVERSAL DECLARATION OF HUMAN RIGHTS

(Approved by the General Assembly of the United Nations in Paris in December 1948, this Declaration of Human Rights expresses a collective world concern for the individual in human society, which, if implemented by all countries, would prove a turning point in world history. It is presented here in full for COMMON GROUND readers in localities where newspapers did not print the full text.)

P R E A M B L E

Whereas, recognition of the inherent dignity and of the equal and inalienable rights of all members of the human family is the foundation of freedom, justice and peace in the world; and

Whereas, disregard and contempt for human rights have resulted in barbarous acts which have outraged the conscience of mankind, and the advent of a world in which human beings shall enjoy freedom of speech and belief and freedom from fear and want has been proclaimed as the highest aspiration of the common people; and

Whereas, it is essential if man is not to be compelled to have recourse as a last resort to rebellion against tyranny and oppression that human rights should be protected by the rule of law; and

Whereas, it is essential to promote the development of friendly relations between nations; and

Whereas, the peoples of the United Nations have in the Charter reaffirmed their faith in fundamental human rights, in the dignity and worth of the human person and in the equal rights of men and women, and determined to promote social progress and better standards of life in larger freedom; and

Whereas, the member states have pledged themselves to achieve, in cooperation with the United Nations, the promotion of universal respect for and observance of human rights and fundamental freedoms; and

Whereas, a common understanding of these rights and freedoms is of the greatest importance for the full realization of this pledge,

UNIVERSAL DECLARATION OF HUMAN RIGHTS

Now, therefore,

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY

PROCLAIMS this Declaration of Human Rights as a common standard of achievement for all peoples and all nations, to the end that every individual and every organ of society, keeping this declaration constantly in mind, shall strive by teaching and education to promote respect for these rights and freedoms and by progressive measures, national and international, to secure their universal and effective recognition and observance, both among the peoples of member states themselves and among the peoples of territories under their jurisdiction.

ARTICLE 1

All human beings are born free and equal, in dignity and rights. They are endowed with reason and conscience, and should act towards one another in a spirit of brotherhood.

ARTICLE 2

Everyone is entitled to all the rights and freedoms set forth in this declaration, without distinction of any kind, such as race, color, sex, language, religion, political or other opinion, national or social origin, property, birth or other status.

ARTICLE 3

The rights set forth in this Declaration apply equally to all inhabitants of trust and nonself-governing territories.

ARTICLE 4

Everyone has the right to life, liberty and security of person.

ARTICLE 5

No one shall be held in slavery or servitude; slavery and the slave trade shall be prohibited in all their forms.

ARTICLE 6

No one shall be subjected to torture or to cruel, inhuman or degrading treatment or punishment.

ARTICLE 7

Everyone has the right to recognition everywhere as a person before the law.

ARTICLE 8

All are equal before the law and are entitled without any discrimination to equal protection of the law. All are entitled to equal protection against any discrimination in violation of this declaration and against any incitement of such discrimination.

ARTICLE 9

Everyone has the right to an effective remedy by the competent national tribunals for acts violating the fundamental rights granted him by the Constitution or by law.

ARTICLE 10

No one shall be subjected to arbitrary arrest, detention or exile.

ARTICLE 11

Everyone is entitled in full equality to a fair and public hearing by an independent and impartial tribunal, in the determination of his rights and obligations and of any criminal charge against him.

ARTICLE 12

1. Everyone charged with a penal offence has the right to be presumed innocent until proved guilty according to law in a public trial at which he has had all the guarantees necessary for his defence.

2. No one shall be held guilty of any penal offence on account of any act or omission which did not constitute a penal offence, under national or international law, at the time when it was committed. Nor shall a heavier penalty be imposed than the one that was applicable at the time the penal offence was committed.

ARTICLE 13

No one shall be subjected to arbitrary interference with his private family, home or correspondence, nor to attacks upon his honor and reputation. Everyone has the right to the protection of the law against such interference or attacks.

ARTICLE 14

1. Everyone has the right to freedom

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of movement and residence within the borders of each state.

2. Everyone has the right to leave any country, including his own, and to return to his country.

ARTICLE 15

1. Everyone has the right to seek and to enjoy in other countries asylum from persecution.

2. This right may not be invoked in the case of prosecutions genuinely arising from non-political crimes or from acts contrary to the purposes and principles of the United Nations.

ARTICLE 16

1. Everyone has the right to a nationality.

2. No one shall be arbitrarily deprived of his nationality nor denied the right to change his nationality.

ARTICLE 17

1. Men and women of full age, without any limitation due to race, nationality or religion, have the right to marry and to found a family. They are entitled to equal rights as to marriage, during marriage and at its dissolution.

2. Marriage shall be entered into only with the free and full consent of the intending spouses.

3. The family is the natural and fundamental group unit of society and is entitled to protection by society and the state.

ARTICLE 18

1. Everyone has the right to own property alone as well as in association with others.

2. No one shall be arbitrarily deprived of his property.

ARTICLE 19

Everyone has the right to freedom of thought, conscience and religion; this right includes freedom to change his religion or belief, and freedom, either alone or in community with others and in public or private, to manifest his religion or be-

lief in teaching, practice, worship and observance.

ARTICLE 20

Everyone has the right to freedom of opinion and expression; this right includes freedom to hold opinions without interference and to seek, receive and impart information and ideas through any media and regardless of frontiers.

ARTICLE 21

1. Everyone has the right to freedom of peaceful assembly and association.

2. No one may be compelled to belong to an association.

ARTICLE 22

1. Everyone has the right to take part in the Government of his country, directly or through freely chosen representatives.

2. Everyone has the right of equal access to public service in his country.

3. The will of the people shall be the basis of the authority of Government; this will shall be expressed in periodic and genuine elections which shall be by universal and equal suffrage and shall be held by secret vote or by equivalent free voting procedures.

ARTICLE 23

Everyone, as a member of society, has the right to social security and is entitled to the realization, through national effort and international cooperation and in accordance with the organization and resources of each state, of the economic, social and cultural rights indispensable for his dignity and the free development of his personality.

ARTICLE 24

1. Everyone has the right to work, to free choice of employment, to just and favorable conditions of work and to protection against unemployment.

2. Everyone, without any discrimination, has the right to equal pay for equal work.

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3. Everyone who works has the right to just and favorable remuneration, insuring for himself and his family an existence worthy of human dignity, and supplemented, if necessary, by other means of social protection.

4. Everyone has the right to form and to join trade unions for the protection of his interests.

ARTICLE 25

Everyone has the right to rest and leisure, including reasonable limitation of working hours and periodic holidays with pay.

ARTICLE 26

1. Everyone has the right to a standard of living adequate for the health and well-being of himself and of his family, including food, clothing, housing and medical care and necessary social services, and the right to security in the event of unemployment, sickness, disability, widowhood, old age or other lack of livelihood in circumstances beyond his control.

2. Motherhood and childhood are entitled to special care and assistance. All children, whether born in or out of wedlock, shall enjoy the same social protection.

ARTICLE 27

1. Everyone has the right to education. Education shall be free, at least in the elementary and fundamental stages. Elementary education shall be compulsory. Technical and professional education shall be made generally available, and higher education shall be equally accessible to all on the basis of merit.

2. Education shall be directed to the full development of the human personality and to the strengthening of respect for human rights and fundamental freedoms; it shall promote understanding, tolerance and friendship among all nations, racial or religious groups, and shall further the

activities of the United Nations for the maintenance of peace.

3. Parents have a prior right to choose the kind of education that shall be given to their children.

ARTICLE 28

1. Everyone has the right freely to participate in the cultural life of the community, to enjoy the arts and to share in scientific advancement and its benefits.

2. Everyone has the right to the protection of the moral and material interests resulting from any scientific, literary or artistic production of which he is the author.

ARTICLE 29

Everyone is entitled to a social and international order in which the rights and freedoms set forth in this declaration can be fully realized.

ARTICLE 30

1. Everyone has duties to the community in which alone the free and full development of his personality is possible.

2. In the exercise of his rights and freedoms, everyone shall be subject only to such limitations as are prescribed by law solely for the purpose of securing due recognition and respect for the rights and freedoms of others and of meeting the just requirements of morality, public order and the general welfare in a democratic society.

3. These rights and freedoms may in no case be exercised contrary to the purposes and principles of the United Nations.

ARTICLE 31

Nothing in this declaration may be interpreted as implying for any states, groups or persons, any right to engage in any activity or to perform any act aimed at the destruction of any of the rights and freedoms prescribed herein.

MY FRIEND KATHLEEN

ELISE JERARD

I LOOK back now on my thirteenth summer as one of those rich growing seasons. That was when the Whitneys came up to Green Acres, and my world was never quite the same again. Always before that I'd loved the place uncritically, deeply, as I loved my parents. It embodied so many of the things my family most believed in and cherished.

Green Acres, you see, was always ours. Grandpa shaped it out of the forest primeval. Then, like elderly babes in the wood, he and Grandma plunged boldly into the hotel business. They could so easily have sunk. But they didn't. Grandpa was too good a host. And Grandma had a flair for food and coziness. So their stone-and-timber lodge grew and grew, sprouting wings and annexes so that it housed two hundred. The rustic cottages came then, one by one, till there were ten in a big circle with connecting paths, like children holding hands in a ring game.

The Blue Ridges were where the sun went down, spilling its glory in the lake, while the Pocono Mountains looked on over the heads of the cottages. All around the shady grounds were courts for games, brilliant flower beds stamped out in cookie shapes, swings and hammocks and croquet sets. And the guests were as friendly as the place.

"We want them genial and congenial," that was the entrance test.

Having created this warm little world, Grandpa died, and Uncle Tony and Aunt Mary took over. Uncle Tony was a Czech

by birth, and some of his cultivated foreign-born friends came, including President Benes of Czechoslovakia. Some of the most enlightened talk I ever heard I absorbed as I hung around that cool café, dignified with oak and rugged with moose-heads and tangy with wine and beer.

There was the outdoor café, too, strung with lights, whose tangled talk, music, and laughter played my lullaby. Some nights I'd crawl out the window in my nightgown to crouch on the sloping shed, peeping down at this enchanted adult scene and eavesdropping in the fragrant dewy dark.

I loved being "the niece of the hotel," which was how I put it when small. It was wonderful to watch this many-colored drama from backstage, from before the opening when I'd help paint the porch chairs till the bear skins were removed from the walls and lost their awesomeness by being rolled in moth balls.

"Want to come?" Aunt Mary would ask casually, starting her tour of the kitchen. I'd penetrate that great secret echoing space where heroic steams swirled from witch-sized cauldrons and chefs stood, each one at his station, with circusy white caps at temperamental angles. Always there was a pause in the storeroom lined with the world's tallest cookie bins.

"You get nozzing unless you ahsk in French!" menaced the mustached pastry cook.

Before I was six, I was up on menu

MY FRIEND KATHLEEN

lore, aware that eggs "Florentine" meant merely spinach and "au jus" the honest blood of the prime rib. Just as I was in on all the local gossip, from the boathouse to the laundry, since Bridget, the housekeeper, brought it to Grandma every morning with the seven o'clock tea.

With all these privileges came one responsibility. It just seemed natural that I should receive the new children, rub their first strangeness off, introduce them to the gang and the place.

That was the way I met Kathleen.

I can still feel the ripe gold July day when the Whitneys arrived before lunch, rolling up in their shiny limousine. At that time, 1923, closed cars suggested wealth to the public mind. Not that such considerations absorbed me. No, to me the Whitney girl was The Thing. She was just fourteen. I was a not-too-ripe thirteen, a high school Sophomore, but a wispy gangling thing, mostly legs, arms, and eyes. Emotionally I was fresh and green. Fed by a constant spring of wonder, I kept my attention turned outwards, unguardedly exploring the world.

This noon I raced through my ice cream so my teeth hurt and emerged to find Kathleen with Aunt Mary on the porch. Rockers and knitting had frozen with attention and glances swiveled more or less discreetly toward them.

I'm sure I stared with surprised admiration. She stood willowy-tall in a pool of sun, light haloing her fine wavy gold hair which was cut short in the style we were to hail as The Shingle. Her blue eyes had a spring lilac color. But what obviously stopped the porch show was her clothes. Kathleen was wearing long pants! Not stubby sawed-off knickers like mine, but graceful flowing chartreuse trousers. Her blouse was also news. It was a shirt, rough in texture but with a secret sheen. Yet with all their difference her clothes managed to seem right. She was

somehow the rightest looking girl I'd ever seen.

She smiled just a little with her lips and her eyes, and her voice fell as light as a leaf. Her manner with Aunt Mary was as simple as her clothes. I was not in a position to know it was the simplicity which comes from the Best Shops and what some people call the Best Schools.

Of course Aunt Mary got around in time to Kathleen's school. That's one of the standard adult questions, though Aunt Mary really cared to know. Kathleen went to Miss Metcalf's School, which was on East Sixtieth Street in New York. I said a glowing word or two about my school, which was public and to me a grand place. Other kids at Green Acres went to private schools, but they had solid substantial names like Horace Mann or the Ethical Culture. No one I knew went to Miss Anybody's School.

However, as soon as we were off on our own, I quizzed Kathleen about less academic things. "Wherever," I blurted, "did you get those elegant pants?"

"Oh, do you like them?" She laughed lightly as we crossed from the gravel to the grass. "They're last year's," she told me. They'd bought them in London from a funny little tailor on Bond Street. He had a red nose and a green eyeshade and fussed like a hen at the fittings. His clientele was mostly gentry, but he was Cockney and kept spouting politics through the pins. "It was really quite boring," she said.

It didn't sound boring to me. Her shirt, it seemed, was copied from her mother's Schiaparelli, not that I knew what a Schiaparelli was.

We were moving through the green and gold light under the lush spreading trees. I decided to start her with the apples, showing her which ripened early and which late. I introduced her to my favorite tree with the comfortable wide

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notch between low boughs, an absolutely perfect perch for reading. "Unseen but seeing," I said grinning. "With refreshments on hand all the time." Bill and I'd read most of Dickens in this tree. "That's his branch up there," I pointed out.

Then I stopped. By some mental radar I knew she thought all this just "kid stuff," yet she was smiling pleasantly. I bent quickly and offered some windfall cherries, black Bings and bright red ones. "Mm!" she murmured ruby-lipped. "Delicious!" We stood eating our way into acquaintance.

I showed her my dab of a garden at the end of the well-ordered great one. She'd never had such tomatoes—sun-warm, with the earth to be brushed off!

"But," I asked as we gnawed my baby carrots, "then where've you spent your summers anyway?"

Well, when they weren't traveling—on a cruise or in Europe or the West or someplace, they'd summered in their house in Southampton. This was the first year they'd rented it. "We don't bother to grow things," Kathleen said. "Peter, our man, grows some flowers." But she was pretty vague about them too. Then she looked around and said, with a touch of wonder, "You do make this little garden seem fun!"

We were congenial in the dust-rayed bowling alley. We both sent the small balls rolling straight but dropped the big ones so they thunderingly stuttered into and down the gutter. At the tennis courts we proved still more compatible. When I asked about her game she said, "Foul!" I was delighted; it was hard to find as big a dub as I. We spent many happy hours slamming the ball into the net and swatting the astonished air.

Of course swimming was a different matter. Down at the lake she said she flunked at that, too. "I was run over by

a wave when I was three." I volunteered to coach her. "Oh, lovely!" she said.

We made the odyssey of sights, sounds, and smells, all the while exploring each other, and when at last we dropped into the same protesting hammock, face to flushed face, we were friends.

As we crossed the shadowed grass late that afternoon, Mrs. Whitney waved to us from their porch. I could hardly believe she was Kathleen's mother. The era of Girl Mothers was just starting. She was slender as an adolescent, and her light brown hair was shingled, too. Her pale blue eyes could be bright and amused and amusing, though she had a certain curious habit of half closing them like a lazy kitten. She also wore slacks, raspberry colored, and her raspberry colored lips smiled gaily. She kept priming me with an enthusiastic, "Marvelous!" and "How divine!" (expressions I caught like germs, together with "Rather" and "Righto").

It was "marvelous" that I was going to help Kathleen with her swimming! Abashed, I said there was a real swimming teacher. No, she was sure Kathleen would be far more relaxed with me. And when she learned I practiced piano every morning, she said, "Really? Kathleen takes singing lessons. Maybe you two might get together. Kathleen can always use a spark plug!"

I didn't want to sound prissy like anybody's spark plug, so I shrugged and said, "My dad's a music teacher." Mrs. Whitney said that was so interesting! Was he born in Europe too like Uncle Tony? I told her no, Dad had been born here but studied over there with Rubinstein and Schnabel. I named some concert artists Dad accompanied. And somehow before I really knew it, I was offering to accompany Kathleen every morning. Mother was angry when she heard about

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it. "Every morning indeed!" she said sharply. "I want you out in the air!" But I said, "Please! I gave my word! Just for a while!"

As Mrs. Whitney and I sat there getting acquainted, Kathleen slipped down from the porch rail and wandered to the doorway of the cottage and looked in.



"Oh," she said. "Let me officiate, please!"

At that Mr. Whitney poked his head out. He was handsome in a collar-ad way, with secretive quizzical eyes.

When I looked into the cottage, I saw something quite startling—one of those small Prohibition Era trunks that opened up into a fairly complete bar. The Whitneys' contained over thirty bottles. I ought to know, for I subsequently did research all the way from the smoky Scotch to the orange velvety Cointreau.

Kathleen busied herself with a pitcher of cracked ice.

"I think I'll have a Pernod," called Mrs. Whitney.

"Make mine the same," said Mr. Whitney.

"Absinthe drinkers!" mocked Kathleen and poured her parents' drinks with a practiced hand. "What'll you wear tonight?" she asked her mother. "Saturday. Why don't you wear your Vionnet?"

"I don't intend to wear the Vionnet at all," Mrs. Whitney said with lazy emphasis.

"Then why did you bring it?"

Mrs. Whitney laughed. "Was I to leave it home," she murmured between sips, "for Anna to disport herself in? As you know very well she would."

I sat there and watched as though at a play.

That evening Mrs. Whitney came to dinner in a simple little long-waisted dress two inches shorter than anybody else's. Of course many of those who stared would be showing their own knees two years later. But it's forever the function of the Whitneys of the world to be a year or two ahead of the time.

From this day on I led a double life, divided between my old friends and the Whitneys. Mr. and Mrs. Whitney kept mostly to themselves. They were, they said, terribly tired. When Kathleen wasn't with them she was with me. We'd meet in the morning at mail time (though the Whitneys received very few letters. "Such a bore," they said, "to answer them"). I'd practice from nine till ten. Then would come Kathleen's warbling session. Dad summed up his impression: "If a daisy could sing, it would sing that way."

The accompanying job would have been an awful chore if I hadn't loved being with Kathleen. I was no admirer of her teacher's taste. My chief hate was one baby-blue ballad which went: "Whene'er a snowflake leaves the sky, it turns and turns to say good-bye. Good-bye, dear cloud, so cool and grey! Good-bye, dear cloud, so cool and—" I got so I made rude retching noises at its sight, and Kathleen would giggle and agree.

"Then why on earth," I demanded, "do you sing such drivel? Why don't you just put your foot down?"

"What good would it do?" Kathleen said.

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I swivelled around and said severely, "Know what? You're too lazy to fight!"

"Maybe," said Kathleen, shrugging blandly. I was annoyed at her passiveness but soon accepted it as part of her, like her light hair.

After our singing practice the Whitneys drove off to a neighboring golf club. Green Acres swam in the forenoon, but the Whitneys swam in the late afternoon. Accordingly I went in twice a day —until my family found it out and said I was too thin to "get all washed away." I had to choose, which was painful.

Anyhow I got Kathleen to have confidence enough really to lie down in the water, and she started going places with her side stroke and her crawl. Once she even claimed I saved her life. Actually I think she just got scared. She cried out, and I took her on my back and breaststroked, periodically gurgling, "For Pete's sake, kick! Don't press down! Kick!" And so I submarined to shore. The Whitneys made such a to-do I felt like a devoted St. Bernard.

They had a nice way with them, the Whitneys. It was the same with our fishing expeditions. Mr. Whitney told me he'd like to get some brook trout. Were there any in the nearby streams? And he'd like some small-mouth bass and some of those famous fighting pickerel, too. Of course I knew all fishy hideouts, the best times, and the most likely bait. I did feel guilty because Sam and Earl Stout were my friends and counted on the money they could pick up as guides. But the Whitneys, after all, were my friends, too.

A couple of times Mr. Whitney and I trekked to some far place alone. I rowed him around for several hours, which he said was a luxury for him. For me it added up to corns on my hands. They swelled into majestic blisters which I sedulously hid from Mother.

Toward the middle of the Whitneys' stay, on August 3, President Harding died. Our flag went to half mast and a vacationing clergyman held a simple service in the ballroom. His text was the one on which the President had taken his oath of office: "What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, to love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God?"

Afterwards I lay on the beach with the Whitneys. The sun slanted warm over our bodies and we talked of the swift mysterious death and of the nation's life-to-be. "Sound fellow, this Coolidge," Mr. Whitney said. "Can be trusted not to rock the boat." Not like that crackpot, Wilson, they agreed, forever sticking his nose into Business and dreaming up impractical schoolmaster schemes. "Internationalism. All that visionary rot."

I sat up troubled and hugged my knees. Wilson was a man of greatness to our family. But Mr. Whitney went on in a pleased sure way: about the stock-market rising, how he saw no reason why it shouldn't keep on rising, up-and-up with no visible ceiling. "Hands off is all it takes," he said. "Keep this great prosperity rolling."

"But are we that prosperous?" I blurted, remembering things my family talked about. The depressed South, the Northwest with its wheat farmers' headache, New England, the people in textiles-and-shoes—

Mr. Whitney laughed and gave my hair a teasing tweak. "Worrying about all those folks, are you?"

"I think this child is priceless!" Mrs. Whitney said. "Kathleen never has a thought in her head."

Kathleen only said, "Let's swim." And we swam.

Nevertheless, I learned a lot from Mr. Whitney. It was he who introduced me to the Market. Before that the Market

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had just been the A and P. Now, under this amused broker's tutelage, I got to know the Curb from the Exchange and a stock from a bond or debenture. It was fun—Kathleen and I lying in the sand on our stomachs, calling out the day's quotations. "Goody, goody!" Kathleen would kick her heels. "Our good old Baldwin Locomotive's up a point! Shoes for baby!"

"How's U.S. Steel?"

"Down a quarter. Boo!"

Airily we slung around the cozy corporation nicknames—Tel. and Tel., G.M., Pennsy—. Kathleen told me they'd lost so much in '21, they'd rented their house. "'Cause we're so broke," she said. So I found out that being broke is relative.

Yes, I learned many things from the Whitneys. Often on non-movie evenings Mr. and Mrs. Whitney drove off somewhere. Then Kathleen and I slipped over to the cottage and explored this Pandora's box of wonders. First, there was Mrs. Whitney's wardrobe, which Kathleen displayed with shining reverence. I met The Vionnet! Ah, that Vionnet! Black crepe, built around—of all things—a gold kid fig leaf, richly embroidered with colors.

On these occasions, too, we did our conscientious tippling, sampling with infinite care infinitesimal portions of each and every bottle. If in the end I preferred raspberry soda, I had the sense not to say so. Of course the big point wasn't the taste; bibulously speaking, I had Lived!

More delightful were the hours we spent at Mrs. Whitney's dressing table. I'd never dreamed there were so many cosmetics! We tried the masques, and all the varicolored lipsticks. We shadowed our eyes with brown, with green, with blue.

But the most startling was the impact of the books! Colliding with them, my world reeled. There was that fat book titled *Freud for Everybody*, which of

course we couldn't understand—except for words. There was Aldous Huxley's brilliant *Antic Hay*, which of course we couldn't understand either. But from this satire of spiritually weary sophisticates and their sensational excesses and ennuis, there rose to our nostrils somehow the strange and terrifying odor of decadence. We got more out of F. Scott Fitzgerald. He wrote mostly of young people, perhaps four to ten years older than we. But such young people! The all-night rides, the gin, the low impossible dives. The talk! The petting parties! "Do you think," I asked shaken, "that it's true? That such things could be?"

"Of course," said Kathleen, "it's true." Her eyes held a curious cryptic gleam.

We pondered over passages like this: "I've kissed dozens of men," she said, "and I suppose I'll kiss dozens more." "I wonder if we shall," Kathleen said dreamily. Then there were the lines that made me throw the book down: "Isn't it rotten that all the love in the world should be just ninety-nine per cent passion and one little soupçon of jealousy?"

"It isn't true!" I stoutly cried. All I had to do was look around at the many happy couples dancing to the beat of distant music, playing games, strolling companionably. And yet these glimpses of a lurid life in which I someday might share left me a little hot and cold.

After these bouts, I'd slip into my parents' tidy room where on the table, with mother's sewing kit and the lemon drops, the *Outlines of Science and History* flanked an altogether different group of modern novels. Here in this ticking silence everything was rye-bread-wholesome, water-cool.

Other nights I went for drives with the Whitneys. I lured them over the bad road to the wild lake where we watched deer slip out of their dark haunts and drink in family groups at dusk. We'd

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loll around a fire which always made me very confidential. But I must say the Whitneys encouraged me.

I even tried lyrically to tell how the place looked when snow lay on the boughs where now the silky moonlight lay; or when spring willows dripped green from all their fingers.

"Wonderful!" Mrs. Whitney punctuated.

And Kathleen said, "You do make things seem interesting!"

Then suddenly one day while we were at the beach, Mr. Whitney was paged for a long-distance call. Returning, he quietly announced he had to go home right away.

"But why?" Mrs. Whitney fixed her eyes on him.

Mr. Whitney answered quizzically, "Business."

Mrs. Whitney quirked an eyebrow and said, "Business?" and her pale bright eyes never left his face. "And what will become of me?" she asked. "Am I to be left to utter desolation?" She drawled out the word "desolation" till it seemed as endless as a Russian steppe. Kathleen was gazing at her father, too, with almost a replica of Mrs. Whitney's searching look. When Mrs. Whitney saw that I observed this, she lolled back on the sand and closed her eyes.

Mr. Whitney left that night, and Mrs. Whitney and Kathleen followed abruptly the next day, though they'd agreed to stay the rest of their week. I was around to the last, helping with the packing. I picked bright boutonnieres. There was kissing. And good-byes.

"See you in September!"

"Righto, darling!"

I stood waving from the steps of the cottage, empty and drained of excitement.

That night, a Saturday, I watched the festive crowds milling around. Now it was Green Acres I watched like a play.

Reluctantly but clearly I saw that Green Acres wasn't very "smart." The Whitney word. Nor that other Whitney word—"sophisticated." Too many things were standing around that were kept just because they were old and loved. The place wasn't cut into a crisp design, and the same held true for the people. I watched the not-too-smart Eilers and Millers and Mrs. Davis whom I'd always thought so pretty. She was—but that prettiness wasn't The Thing. And old Mr. Matchek, so dear to me, was quoting poetry of which he had a rich fund. But he spoke with a slight accent and laughed a bit too loud and stood with his round stomach poked out. I missed the Whitneys' golden grace, their light murmurs, their slight facial expressions or none, their nonchalant amusement, their easy air of absolute assurance.

It wasn't the first time Green Acres had slipped from its familiar focus. There'd been moments, like the night of the Sunday concert during the playing of a Mozart quintet—the clean decisive phrases punctuated rhythmically by sudden harsh sforzando chords. The purity and rightness of the music had filled me with deep satisfaction. I'd looked at Mrs. Whitney to share it, but found her glance roving around the room, while on her lips there'd flickered—what? My eyes had followed hers, and to my astonishment I'd seen a rather heavy and old-fashioned setting filled with slightly "wrong-looking" people. Now that the Whitneys were gone, I knew they had opened a window on another world. My horizons had widened, and Green Acres, though dear, was "enchanted no more."

I wrote to Kathleen and she scribbled one short note. But then we were so soon to see each other.

The day after my return to New York I decided to pay her a surprise call. I took my amusing new piece, "The Gollywog's

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Cakewalk," and was even prepared to accompany her in the nauseating "snow-flake" song, as proof how glad I'd be to see her.

The Whitneys lived on East 68th Street in a white English basement house. It had three stories, three steps and an iron grilled door. I knew all that. I even knew which Kathleen's windows were. On this mild Indian summer day they stood wide open. I had a sudden glimpse of Kathleen's fair hair. She was shaking

might have been her sister. She called, "Who's there?" before she recognized me.

Then she came down the steps and I moved toward her. I expected her hands to be thrust out and her vivid lips to smile their gay amusing smile while she exclaimed delightedly, "Darling! How wonderful! Kathleen will be so pleased!"

She did smile, but a somehow subtly altered smile. "Well, well," she said, "so it's you! But aren't you home rather early? Ah, yes, of course, your school starts after Labor Day!"

She asked how I was, how Mother and Dad were, and Aunt Mary, Uncle Tony, and Grandma. All the while she held me by the hand and kept easing me gently across the small tiled hall.

"I'm so sorry Kathleen isn't home!" she said. "But she'll call you." She repeated, "She'll call you, dear!" Turning the small doorknob and the big one, with a quick radiant smile she said good-bye; and even as the door was closing she turned toward the reception room where the other lady had preceded her.

I found myself out in the September haze. My knees buckled. I sat down on the top step.

Almost at once Mrs. Whitney's voice came lightly floating through the window.

"Her uncle runs that funny place," she said, "where we were hiding out last summer." Then I caught the single word, "foreigners." She seemed to pick up all foreigners between her thumb and finger as though they had one insect body which she casually flicked out of the window.

"Her father is a little music teacher." She dismissed him. "And her mother makes the poor child's clothes." She must have murmured something quite amusing. Then she added, "She was company up there for Kathleen—"

That was all I heard. I got up. Start-



it out, drying it, as I had seen her do often.

I could have shouted up but I didn't. It seemed more fun to come as a dignified caller. There was Peter with his white daytime coat, asking formally, "Who shall I say is calling?"

But just then Mrs. Whitney appeared on the first-floor landing with a lady who

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ing down the street I glanced upward in time to see Kathleen's bright head draw swiftly back from a window.

Strangely there flashed the memory of Kathleen and that silly song. "Why don't you refuse to sing such drivel?" She had shrugged and been too lazy to fight. Now it was my turn. She wouldn't fight for me.

"She's no good, she's trashy, she's worthless!" I thought, choking. I hated her as much as I'd loved her.

I pushed blindly to the park and started crossing westwards toward home. In the almost deserted privacy, among kind anonymous trees, the tears came.

After a while I was eased enough to think. With cold fury I heard Mrs. Whitney's mocking voice shrugging us all off with the smug, narrow feeling that the Whitneys were better than everybody else.

"Her father is a little music teacher!" Dad with his fineness as a man and a musician, his wealth of feeling that shone out of his face and his playing, his patience and respect for a real job. Mother and her shining integrity, her clear-headedness, courage, and productiveness. I loved my parents fiercely in that moment. My fists tightened and longed to do battle.

Now at last some of the values of my world swept into consciousness. I felt how my people were deep people, full of genuine feeling and kindness. The Whitneys were shiny surface people. And I'd fallen for the shiny surfaces!

Only how could you tell? How could you tell what people really were? It beat in my blood, how could you tell, how could you be sure?

All of a sudden I was scared. I'd been living in a sheltered little world. But

what of that great grownup world that lay ahead? Suppose it were all bristling with Whitneys? People who'd stretch out a friendly hand, then toss you out with it; who'd coldly deceive you and despise you, not for anything you could lay your finger on but simply because you were born you—and brought up as your parents' child! Life was suddenly menacing with shadows. It seemed like walking through a dangerous dark wood where you could never draw an unsuspicious breath, where you could never go unarmed.

Oh, Mother, Dad! I appealed in silent panic. Then, somehow, I seemed to feel their presence, reassuring, fortifying me: I read an answer in my mother's quiet eyes that must have seen through the Whitneys from the first. Dad wrapped his smiling warmth around me. He wasn't unsure or afraid. And the knowledge of our friends, theirs and mine, came hurrying to my rescue.

In that moment I knew—deeply knew—that yes, there'd be Whitneys again. But always there'd be these others too who would care for me for what was really in me, whom I could cherish and trust. My heart, growing wise, would get to know them. With them there would always be a safe place.

My breathing steadied. Now I walked ahead very fast over the summer's fallen leaves, as if I could hardly wait to get to what was really mine.

Elise Jerard's stories, articles, and verse have appeared in a wide variety of national magazines and story anthologies. She has also written for the screen and radio, including three series of broadcasts to Europe on American problems.

Bernadine Custer is the illustrator.

WINTER FEAST

PEGGY POND CHURCH

THE WINTER FEAST of San Ildefonso in late January begins with the calling of the sacred animals from the hills of the Pueblo. We had been told that the ceremony would take place between full dawn and sunrise. No one could predict the exact time, because time, for the Indian, is an entirely different substance from the stuff which a white man measures arbitrarily by clocks.

To be sure we wouldn't miss out, we took our bedrolls and spent the night in the shelter of a juniper tree a mile or two across the Rio Grande from the village. All night we watched the stars move over us. The icy winter air magnified them until they sparkled like giant snow crystals. On the other side of the river the Indians, hidden in their sacred kiva, chanted their prayers all night. We slept and woke to the ancient sound of the drum, like the echo of man's usually inaudible heartbeat.

We pried ourselves out of our beds long before there seemed to be the slightest sign of morning. The Rio Grande was only a faint thread of brightness when we drove across the bridge. The stars winked out one by one. The outline of the mountains slowly grew firm against the eastern sky.

San Ildefonso seemed deserted. Both plazas, swept bare as a floor, showed not even a footprint. A leafless cottonwood tree kept watch over the sleeping houses like an old nurse saying, Hush! No sound came from the kiva. Even Time seemed not to have waked up yet.

After a while small groups of Indians appeared out of nowhere, as though from the wings of a stage. They went along the road that bordered the Pueblo, where the hills still leaned over the sleeping houses like shadows. We followed a little behind them, feeling too much like tourists to be completely happy. We weren't, we hoped, exactly tourists. Tourists came as outsiders to stare upon strange landscapes and strange people. We had been neighbors to San Ildefonso for many years. We lived in the same geographical setting, shared the same landscape, the identical seasons. Yet among the Indians we always had a little of the insecure feeling of stepchildren: they belonged to this sky, to this earth, and we were its children only by adoption.

Everyone now seemed to be waiting for something, so we too took up an attitude of waiting. How long, we wondered, could we keep from freezing to death? How long could these moments before official "full daylight" last? Two Indians, looking as cozy as cocoons in their long, factory-made blankets, came up beside us. We felt a little less like sissies when we saw how they too hugged the shelter of our wall. Pretty soon they began to talk to us, the way people do at any show before the curtain goes up. They said they were not San Ildefonso men but visitors from other pueblos come to share the hospitality of the feast. One was from Santa Clara, only a few miles distant. The other was from Taos, sixty miles to the north. They spoke to us in English, but to one

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another in Spanish. Santa Clara, the talkative one, said they did not share each other's dialects. Now and then they sang little snatches of their songs. The traditional rhythms were familiar to both men, though neither knew the other's words.

Santa Clara kept doing his best to make us feel at home. He pointed toward the curve of the nearest hill where the tiny figure of a sentinel grew taller as the daylight brightened behind him.

"Soon they come from over there," Santa Clara told us in a fatherly way. "All kind of animal, deer, buffalo, other kind, I know not how you call him. You watch. You stay here. Soon they come."

We stayed there. We almost wore our eyes out watching. On the other side of the river we could see the headlights of an endless line of automobiles. That's how early it still was; if cars had to drive with their headlights on, even a white man could guess that full daylight had not yet come. Then we realized with a kind of shock that the cars were taking workmen to the atom bomb laboratories at Los Alamos, twelve miles west of the Pueblo.

The high forested plateau, enclosed now by miles of bristling fence and signs warning every few yards, DANGER: KEEP OUT, had been the home and the hunting ground of the San Ildefonso people in days before Columbus had stumbled on the bright wilderness of America. I had hunted arrowheads there in my own childhood and filled my pockets with fragments of pottery strewn among the ruins of cities that were abandoned before the Pilgrims set foot in New England. The walls of the canyons are carved with the symbol of the plumed serpent, life-giving god of cloud and rainfall, still invoked in the kivas of modern Pueblos. The sacred zig-zag of the lightning is woven into the ceremonial garments of today's dancers.

When the government took over the plateau in 1943 for its own mysterious

purposes, the Indians demanded that their holy places be respected. For some unfathomable reason those who were busily implementing ruin for modern civilization seemed to have a kind of sentiment for this ancient one. Certain canyons were set aside in the very heart of the guarded area where the men of the Pueblo could go—and still do—to gather the sacred evergreen and to perform the rituals commanded by their unwritten past. What had the old men thought, I wondered, who for two years before Hiroshima had listened to mysterious explosions among the mesas where their shrines were built, who had seen those strange symmetrical puffs of man-made cloud billowing up in the direction of their sacred mountain? Was there a feeling of kinship between those who had for ages revered the mystery at the heart of the growing corn and those who were now exploring the mystery at the core of the atom? And which of the medicine men, primitive or modern, had put their faith in the stronger god? The city of Los Alamos had mushroomed upon the ruins of older cities; the mesas on which these cities stood had once been volcanic ash tossed out from the mountains in an explosion that made anything an atom bomb might do seem like a small quiet sneeze. Would the victorious grass grow someday upon the ruins of Los Alamos?

Santa Clara's voice suddenly interrupted our wandering thoughts.

"Indian crazy, no?" he declared to us with complacent good humor. "Indian all time dance, all time work hard; all time get cold, no have money. White man not work hard; white man not crazy; white man sit at desk all day. White man make money."

It sounded like flattery—or was Santa Clara trying to get a rise out of us, we wondered? You never can tell about an Indian—you can only be sure he loves to

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fool you and has the most fun if you never find out you are being fooled. Taos, tall and dignified, said nothing. He was like a rock or tree, serenely oblivious to the antics of humans, busy with whatever thoughts his own roots secretly fed on.

"Sure, Indian crazy," Santa Clara repeated firmly, almost as though daring us to contradict him.

Luckily for us, at that moment, close behind us, the deep-throated Indian drum began to beat, an ancient, imperative sound that makes the wisdom of mere words seem trivial. A chorus of four old men had come to stand at the entrance to the Pueblo. They were not specially costumed; they might have been uncles or grandfathers in any farming community except for their braided hair and the bright headbands, and their faces brown and gullied as the earth. But when they began to sing, our mortal hearts turned over inside of us. The need of men to live, the trust of all men in the powers of life soared in their voices. This was the sound of worship. It was more than man in his weakness abasing himself before his God; it was man in his dignity calling upon his kinship with God and the spirit of God in all living things.

Behind the chorus women and children gathered quietly. They all faced toward the east, toward the morning hill, their faces uplifted in wonder and expectation. The drum sound went forth into the hills; the deep, confident male voices wove their invocation.

Santa Clara turned to us again. He almost trembled in his eagerness to tell us what was happening.

"Indian sing for all men," he said with the deepest earnestness. "He sing for good things for this Pueblo, for Indian, for all people everywhere. He sing for rain to come this summer so fields grow. He sing for everybody everywhere." Over and over Santa Clara repeated this, as though he

thought it were something we could hardly believe.

"Indian singing for everybody, everywhere. That what the song say. He telling them to come, those animals from those hills. He telling them bring good things, not just for this Pueblo; good things for everybody, for you, for me, for this people, for all people in the whole world. He sing not just for Indian. He sing for everybody."

A plume of dark smoke swirled into heaven from the head of the arroyo between the hills. Small figures began to move among the dark dots of the juniper. The landscape came alive. On the crest of the hill two Deer (who yesterday were men) lifted their antlered heads and became gods. With delicate motions they wove a zigzag trail down the slope of the hill. The Buffalo men came slowly down the arroyo. The Antelope children pranced warily behind them, tightly, humorously clad in yellow-dyed long underwear. They were slim and small and perfectly disciplined in the manner of their going. The Buffalo men were naked to the waist, painted with symbols, their headdresses magnificently constructed of green twigs and horn. The Hunters stood in opposing lines close to the chorus, wearing clusters of evergreen at wrist and knee. The ancient ritual began in which men renounce hatred and enmity toward all creatures, promising to take life only for the sake of need. The Hunted were invoked as though they were gods and implored to lay down their lives for the sake of all the living.

The Sacred Animals came down in a lordly way between the lines of onlookers. Small girls pushed shyly close to them, carrying smaller babies on their backs who peered solemnly out from the blankets that cradled them. Little boys in faded overalls and store shirts were eager as children at the mystery of Christmas. Very tiny children hopped about in their

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own ecstatic circles, imitating the step of the dancers with miniature accuracy.

We saw Santa Clara reach beneath the fold of his blanket and draw forth a palmful of sacred meal. The other waiting Indians did the same and each, as the divine animals passed, threw the meal toward them, whether in blessing or in prayer for blessing we did not know. Santa Clara's gesture had been serious and devoted. But when he saw us watching him he said quickly, almost defensively, "All Indian do this. All Indian crazy, no?"

We followed the procession as it crossed the road and moved into the bare clean square of the plaza. There the dancers formed the typical long rectangular pattern. There were patterns created for the ear as well as for the eye, the heavy stamping tread of the buffalo, the light, small step of the deer, the firm beat of the drum with its intricate caesuras, the delicate accent of shells and silver pendants on the knees and arms of the dancers.

There was an atmosphere of gaiety and relief now, as though an ancient magic had been worked again. The sun came up in full serene splendor and began its long journey toward the west. The dancers finally disappeared into the ceremonial house of the south plaza. They would come out to dance many times again during the day; the plaza would fill with visitors; the enchantment of the dawn hour would fade. It would never again be so

easy to believe that men could march out of the sunrise with divinity on their shoulders.

As we turned to go, two buses drove rudely into the plaza, blowing their horns in dreadful dissonance. Men and women were being gathered up for the day's work at Los Alamos. Many of the younger Indians would go, even on this special morning. The high priests of atomic fission pay off in money, wonderful money, cash in the hand that for these days seems far more potent than anything the gods of fertility and rainfall have to offer.

When the plaza became still again, we heard the muffled echo of the drum and knew that the wise old men of San Ildefonso, hidden in their own secret place, were still weaving endless improvisations upon the theme of heartbeat.

Peggy Pond Church was born in New Mexico and has spent most of her life there. She lives now in Ranchos de Taos, reputed to be the oldest settlement in the Taos valley with the exception of the Indian Pueblo. Two books of Mrs. Church's poems have been published by Writers' Editions at the Rydal Press in Santa Fe, and a third, *Ultimatum for Man*, was published by the Stanford University Press in 1946. A sketch of one of Mrs. Church's Mexican American neighbors, "Maria," appeared in the Summer 1946 issue of CG.

• Round-Up •

CONDUCTED BY CAREY MCWILLIAMS

SEGREGATION IN WASHINGTON, the report of the National Committee on Segregation in the Nation's Capital, prepared by Kenesaw M. Landis, is the most effective pamphlet in content, lay-out, design, and illustration, that has come my way in a long time. (Copies can be obtained from the Committee, 4901 Ellis Avenue, Chicago 15. 75¢ plus 10¢ mailing costs.) There is little in the pamphlet's thorough-going account of discrimination against Negroes in the district that will prove surprising to the readers of COMMON GROUND—the record is painfully familiar—but I think they will be interested in the story of how the capital became the Jim Crow monstrosity it is today.

There was a time, in the history of the district, when things were different. The slave trade was abolished in 1850 and the district's slaves were freed by an act of Congress in 1862, before Lincoln issued the Emancipation Proclamation. In 1872 the popularly elected Assembly of the district passed a law giving Negroes equal rights in restaurants, hotels, barber shops, and other places of public accommodation (this was during the brief period when the residents of the district could vote). Curiously enough, this statute cannot be found in the present codes although there is no record of its repeal; in fact it may still be technically in full force and effect! Today a dog cemetery in the district refuses to accept for burial a dog belonging to a Negro, but, as late as 1904, Negroes could eat in the best restaurants, sleep in the best hotels, and be admitted to the best theaters patronized by whites. Today Negroes are rigorously segregated in a narrow, crescent-

like sector of the district; but at one time they were widely scattered throughout the district and owned a few homes in some of the most fashionable sections. In 1889 a committee of the United States Senate could report that all of the 11 hospitals of the district pursued a policy of not denying admission to patients on the ground of "race, color, or previous condition of servitude." Now a fourth of the 12 private hospitals exclude Negroes altogether and the remainder allow them only a limited number of beds in segregated wards. When Howard Medical School was established in 1868, white and colored doctors worked together, and, in 1869, organized an interracial medical society; but today Negro doctors are barred from the District Medical Society and from the 12 private hospitals of the city as well as from the federally supported St. Elizabeth's Hospital for mental diseases (which contains 2,500 Negro patients). Seventy-five years ago, a Negro policeman arrested General Grant for speeding in the district and was congratulated for doing his duty; today Negro policemen are assigned to Negro wards. During the last half of the 19th century, Negroes served as Register of the Treasury, Auditor of the Navy, as Consul, Collector of Customs, and held, in fact, a number of responsible positions in the government service; today they are largely confined to custodial and minor clerical positions. In 1870 the popularly elected City Council of Washington petitioned Congress to abolish segregation in the schools of the district; today the schools are operated on a rigidly segregated basis.

How, when, and under what circum-

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stances, then, did the district experience this astonishing retrogression? The retrogression really began in 1874. For some years before and for a few years after the Civil War, the residents of the district enjoyed varying forms of home rule. But since 1874 they have been without any kind of suffrage or local control over their own affairs. It is extremely important to note that this disfranchisement came about at the request of the district's residents. The incredible fact seems to be that these residents were willing to accept disfranchisement rather than see Negroes of the district given the right to vote.

However, this is only part of the answer. With the election of Woodrow Wilson in 1912, a new kind of southern congressman and senator came to Washington, men like Vardaman, "Pitchfork" Ben Tillman, and Hoke Smith. Elected on white-supremacy platforms, these men, with the apparent acquiescence of Woodrow Wilson, proceeded to put the Negroes of the district "in their place." The major evidence of the ascendancy of these "redneck" representatives was a strict segregation of Negroes in government employment, which had a marked effect on other aspects of Negro life. "The colored people of Washington," writes Mr. Landis, "have never recovered from the blow that struck them in the time of Woodrow Wilson."

Since the residents of the district have been without the ballot, the business interests have been in the saddle. The district's Board of Trade, consisting of 8,000 members—only about one per cent of the population of the district—continues to be the real political power. Actually the board of directors, made up of 40 powerful individuals, rules the district since these individuals in turn rule the Board of Trade. It is interesting to note the cumulative effects of this denial of de-

mocracy. In 1946 the issue of reinvesting the residents with the franchise was submitted to the people as a plebiscite. Despite a great build-up campaign, only one person in five bothered to vote. In 1938, 90 per cent of the residents favored home rule, but in the 1948 plebiscite only 68 per cent were favorable to the idea. Speculating on the meaning of this negative vote, the Washington Post observed that "disfranchisement is a poisonous thing." Only by freeing the Negroes can the white residents of the capital themselves be free. Thus by a curious irony the Confederacy, which was never able to capture Washington during the Civil War, took it without firing a shot in 1874.

Since the district is an island of federal sovereignty, Congress could abolish Jim Crowism overnight if it wanted to abolish it. But the abolition of Jim Crow will probably continue to be inextricably related to the issue of the franchise—home rule and freedom for the Negroes being the two sides of a single issue. This relationship is symbolized by the action of the owners of the National Theater who converted this playhouse into a motion picture theater rather than yield to the demands of Actors' Equity for an end to Jim Crow admission policies. Thus everyone is now denied the right to see actors perform on the legitimate stage in the capital of the United States because a few residents of the district object to the admission of Negroes.

The American Jewish Congress (1834 Broadway, New York 23) has performed a real service in reprinting for wide distribution an exceptionally fine article by Dr. Robert K. Merton, "The Self-Fulfilling Prophecy," which appeared in the Summer 1948 issue of *The Antioch Review*. Using as a springboard W. T. Thomas' theorem that "If men define

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situations as real, they are real in their consequences," Dr. Merton proceeds to demonstrate the functioning of one of the most important mechanisms by which dominant groups maintain the subordination of minorities. This mechanism he calls "the self-fulfilling prophecy."

The process starts with a false definition of a situation, as, for example, that Negroes, with their low living standards, are prone to be strikebreakers and "traitors to the working class." Once this definition is accepted, then the "facts" seem, or at one time seemed, to confirm the accuracy of the definition. Blinded by this false definition, the person accepting it seldom realizes that the very "facts" which he cites to confirm his belief are the product of the false definition he has accepted. Or the belief may be that the presence of Negroes will depress property values in residential areas. If one accepts this belief, one's reading of the "facts" will tend to support the belief. In fact, it becomes extremely difficult for the person holding such a belief to realize that the belief itself has become a factor in the situation, and, in a sense, is the cause of the conditions which are cited to maintain the myth. "That Negroes were strikebreakers because they were excluded from unions and from a large range of jobs," writes Dr. Merton, "rather than excluded because they were strikebreakers," seems highly illogical to the person who has been persuaded to accept the false definition. For this vicious circle of self-fulfilling prophecies to be broken, as Dr. Merton points out, "the initial definition . . . must be abandoned"; only then will the flow of events give the lie to the erroneous assumption. For example, once Negroes are admitted to trade unions, it can be quickly demonstrated that they are not "strikebreakers."

The article also points out, with great

clarity, that the dominant group always holds the key to problems of this kind since it is this group's definition of the situation that sets the self-fulfilling prophecy in motion. This circumstance explains why it is that minorities find it extraordinarily difficult to demonstrate, by anything they do or fail to do, the falsity of the initial belief. For, in the eyes of the dominant group, "the right activity by the wrong people becomes a thing of contempt, not of honor." Thus when Jews practice all of the virtues which the majority purports to respect, they are damned precisely because they exhibit these virtues. Thus "success" which may be an occasion for Presbyterian pride often becomes, as Dr. Merton notes, an occasion for Jewish dismay. If Negroes tend to magnify their achievements, it is because the majority has so consistently accused them of being inferior. If Jews tend to minimize, or even apologize, for their "successes," it is because the majority has so consistently accused them of possessing "excessive" ambitions. In either case, the behavior of the minority is invariably in response to "the majority-group allegations."

Dr. Merton also makes it quite clear that these false definitions or myths have a social function. It is by defining the social situation exclusively in their interest, that is, by stacking the cards, that the dominant element hopes to retain its power. "No wiser procedure," writes Dr. Merton, "could be devised to hold intact a system of social stratification and social power." It is a "wise" procedure because nothing the minority does will shake the false belief, and as long as this belief is retained it can be used, with perverse logic, to rationalize the relationship between minority and majority. If Negroes are tagged as "incorrigibly inferior" why, then, of course, it is entirely proper that they should be

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kept in an inferior status. If Jews or Japanese, on the other hand, are tagged as "having too many of the in-group values," it becomes quite clear to the majority that they must be securely controlled and hedged in by restrictions. In short, the false definition of the situation constantly evokes new behavior which makes, or seems to make, the original false conception come true.

On the basis of this analysis, Dr. Merton points out that education alone will not correct the false definition. As he says, false ideas do not quietly vanish "when confronted with the truth." But, at this point, I would like to add an element which, it seems to me, is essential to the validity of Dr. Merton's argument, namely, that false ideas do not quietly vanish when confronted by the truth if there is an interest to be served by retaining them. In the realm of the physical and natural sciences, false ideas frequently vanish overnight when their falsity has been demonstrated. This is not because science, in these fields, can demonstrate the truth of its theorems with a convincingness not available in the social sciences; the real reason is to be found in the absence of any interest to be served by stubbornly adhering to the old, the false belief. I am sure that the notion that the earth is round must have been resisted by those people, if such there were, who had a vested interest in maintaining the belief that it is flat. With this interpolation noted, I agree whole-heartedly with Dr. Merton when he writes that the way to break this vicious circle of false beliefs leading to discriminations which then produce the "evidence" which in turn is used to affirm the belief is by creating new institutional and administrative conditions and controls which will make it possible for people to see, to know, and to experience the truth about human relations.

The Second Annual Report of the Urban League of Portland indicates that a degree of stabilization has finally taken place in Portland's greatly expanded Negro community. From 2,000 Negroes in 1940, the Negro population shot up to around 20,000 at the peak of the shipbuilding program in which some 96 per cent of the migrant Negroes were employed. During the full tide of this immigration, Portland was without an Urban League or, for that matter, any civic organization which might have assisted the migrants. Today the Negro population seems to have been stabilized, for the time being, at about 12,000 residents. At one time there was more miscellaneous Jim Crowism in Portland than in any other major west coast city; but, judging from this report, some abatement of these invidious practices has taken place. On the other hand, residential segregation is rapidly transforming "mixed" schools into segregated schools. For example, the Eliot School, in which the ratio of Negro to white students in 1945 was 30 to 70 per cent is today 73 per cent Negro and 27 per cent white—in effect a segregated school.

About a year ago, Dr. Ralph Linton published an article in which he ventured the prediction that in 200 years the American Negro will have disappeared as a minority as a result of a gradual process of biological change by which Negroes are becoming "lighter and lighter." In the August 1948 issue of the American Sociological Review, Dr. William M. Kephart challenges the accuracy of this forecast.

First of all, Linton maintained that the overall proportion of Negroes to whites is steadily declining. Such a proportional decline did occur, notably during the period of heavy European immigration; but in 1940 the Negro

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population showed a slight gain in total population percentage. It is altogether reasonable to assume, furthermore, that the Negro death rate will drop as the living standards of Negroes improve. To be sure, this tendency may be offset somewhat by a declining Negro birth rate; but, in any case, it is difficult to believe that there will be a "steady decline," as Linton assumed, in the overall proportion of Negroes to whites.

According to the Linton argument, the Negro population is becoming lighter in skin color because of "a steady infiltration of white blood." This tendency comes about, we are told, not so much through miscegenation, which Linton admits is on the decline, but through preferential mating within the Negro group, that is, the preference shown for the "lighter" Negro in Negro marriages. It is true, of course, that such a preference has existed but is this preference a constant factor? Kephart argues that the preference will decline as Negroes rise in cultural status. It should also be noted that as prejudice abates in a society, the Negro is likely to become less color conscious. And, finally, since the lighter a Negro's skin, generally speaking, the more advantage he has in the economic world, one might assume that birth rates among "lighter" Negroes will decline somewhat by comparison with birth rates among "darker" Negroes. That a certain number of Negroes "pass" each year into the white world does not mean that Negroes, as such, are becoming "lighter."

But even assuming that "preferential mating" continues unabated among Negroes, it does not follow that Negroes will become lighter in skin color. For example, when a mulatto marries an octoroon they *may* have offspring lighter than themselves and again they *may* have children darker than either parent. The geneticists are apparently not in agree-

ment about the number of "factors"—that is, characteristics which signify separate inheritability—that are involved in pigmentation. In 1913 Davenport said that two factors were involved; later studies have indicated that there may be as many as six factors. As the number of factors increases, of course, the variability of the offspring increases proportionately. But, regardless of the number of factors which may be isolated, Kephart maintains that "in matings where both parents are mixed bloods," the mean skin color of the offspring cannot be lighter than the mean skin color of the parents. The controversy, of course, is largely of academic interest; but Kephart's findings will serve to scotch the complacency of those who might want to believe that the "race problem" will solve itself—in precisely 200 years. The problem will be solved long before then but not because Negroes will have ceased to be Negroes.

Incidentally Kephart makes an interesting point when he observes that it was the tendency toward intermarriage between lower class whites and Negroes that brought about the passage of the first statutes against intermarriage. "The pattern of the white plantation owner and his Negro concubine," writes Kephart, "was evidently culturally accepted, whereas the cohabitation of the lower class white with the Negro seems to have aroused the public ire." The reason for the difference of attitude was unquestionably that the first type of racial mixture presented no threat to the social system; the second did.

The most useful article of the last quarter is, I believe, Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois' fine summary entitled: "The Negro Since 1900: A Progress Report" (New York Times Magazine, November 21, 1948). This is the best summary of its kind that has appeared to date. Between 1900 and

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1940, the Negro population increased from 9 to 13 million; but the increase in the South was only 25 per cent by comparison with a 200 per cent increase in the North and West. During this same period, the rural Negro population remained stationary but the urban population increased more than 350 per cent. "A million Negroes have left the plantations of the South"—here is the key fact, the turning point in the post-Civil War history of the Negro. About 30,000 Negroes belonged to trade unions in 1900 but the number increased to 100,000 by 1930 and, during the height of the war boom, was close to 1,000,000.

In 1900 a Negro baby at birth had a life expectancy of 32 years; by 1947 this expectancy had increased to 57 years. In 1870, nine-tenths of the Negroes were illiterate; today not more than 20 per cent are illiterate. In 1910 about 1,644,000 Negroes were in school (45 per cent of all Negroes 5 to 20 years of age); in 1940, 4,188,000 or 64 per cent were in school. In 1910, not more than 5,000 Negroes were in college; in 1948 more than 88,000 were enrolled. In the first edition of the American Who's Who, no Negroes were listed; in the 50th edition, 91 Negroes were listed. Few southern Negroes voted in 1900; today 600,000 or more are registered voters and 2,500,000 vote in the North and West. It has been this sub-surface process of social change, taking place in a period in which very little seemed to be happening, that has made possible the great gains which Negroes have registered of more recent years.

The turning point in what might be called the "modern" history of the Negro occurred in 1910 when the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People was formed. The formation of the NAACP, in turn, came about as a result of the gradual social changes pre-

viously noted. Once the NAACP was formed, the tempo of change was greatly accelerated. Since 1910 the NAACP has raised and spent over \$4,000,000, 90 per cent of which, according to Dr. Du Bois has come from working class Negroes. Of 27 cases which the NAACP has taken to the Supreme Court in the period from 1915 to 1948, it has won 24. In short, once Negroes had organized to assert their rights, the courts began to cast aside, slowly at first and then with an ever-quickenning tempo, those shabby rationalizations by which they had robbed the Civil War amendments of their real meaning and purpose. And, as social scientists also began to feel the pressure of Negro opinion, they, too, began to discard some of their favorite rationalizations.

The point to be noted here is that judges and social scientists must first want to change something before they will seek out the ways and means by which change can be brought about. As late as 1914, as Dr. Du Bois notes, the common assumption seemed to be that the Negro problem in the United States was "insoluble." It is most ironic, therefore, to note that at precisely the time when this assumption should have been paramount, the necessary pre-condition for the solution of this "problem" had been achieved, namely, the organization of the most progressive elements of the Negro population in an effort to bring about a change in the status of Negroes. It is good to have this "progress report" sketched out by Dr. Du Bois, who knows the development as few people in the United States know it. It should give whites and Negroes a new confidence to read this report, particularly if they will simply project certain of these trends a decade or two. Once this is done, any one can see that the "Negro problem" is rapidly being transformed.

• The Pursuit of Liberty •

CONDUCTED BY MILTON R. KONVITZ

THE U.S. DISTRICT COURT in Atlanta, Georgia, has held that Atlanta's Negro school teachers have for years been paid less than white teachers because of racial discrimination. Deciding in a suit brought five years ago, Judge Underwood held that the Negro teachers were entitled to legal relief and issued an injunction against the school board.

For many years the school board operated under two salary schedules which expressly provided lower rates of pay for Negro principals and teachers than for white principals and teachers. In 1942, after the filing of the suit against the school board by one of the Negro teachers, the board abolished its salary schedules by resolution and directed the school administration to work out a new single-salary schedule which would be free of discrimination on account of race or color.

The new schedule adopted in 1942 made no express distinction between principals and teachers on account of race or color but did permit the administration to take into consideration subjective factors. As it turned out in actual administration, the 356 Negro teachers and two Negro high school principals in the Atlanta school system, the court held, were discriminated against by reason of race or color. The white high school principals were paid an average of \$340 per month, while the two Negro principals were paid \$240 per month. Among elementary school principals, white persons were paid \$254 per month, while Negro principals received \$167.50. The discrepancies among teachers were just as wide: white high school teachers were paid \$198, Negro high school teach-

ers \$145 per month; white elementary teachers \$160 per month, Negro elementary teachers \$112. Judge Underwood said that the wide differences "can only be attributable to subjective qualifications of discrimination and not to qualifications set out in the schedules." The judge pointed out that the average years of education of the white teachers was 17.83, that of the Negro teachers 17.67. The evidence showed, the court held, "a great differential between the pay of white and Negro teachers in favor of the former and also placements on the schedules uniformly and decidedly more favorable to the white teachers far beyond what subjective qualifications would justify." While administrative discrimination based on the use of subjective criteria in itself is not illegal, the court held that the subjective criteria may not be applied in an unfair manner. In this case the court found that the administrative discrimination "left so wide a gap between comparative salaries of white and Negro teachers that it cannot be attributed to other qualifications of discrimination than because of race or color. I find it a fact that such discrimination exists." (*David v. Cook*, 80 F. Supp. 443, 1948.)

Several months after the decision of the court in the above case was made, the Atlanta Urban League reported that the claim of political leaders that segregated school facilities meet the legal requirements of equality is a matter of "fiction." The report pointed out that of the 70,984 children of school age in Atlanta, 26,528 are Negroes and 44,456 are whites, but there is an average of 1 school for every 855 white children and 1 for every 2,040 Negro children. In 1946-47 the average

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per pupil expenditure for white children was \$139.73, the average for Negro children \$59.88. In that school year three times as much was invested per pupil for school plants for white as for Negro children.

The Atlanta Urban League report showed that in 1947-48 the average white school child received his education in a school having facilities representing an investment of \$383.87 per pupil, as against \$153.42 for the Negro child. The differences are reflected in the absence in Negro schools of libraries, cafeterias, gymnasiums, and auditoriums. Because of insufficient facilities for Negro pupils, double sessions are conducted in the Negro schools, and as a result more than 90 per cent of the 13,000 Negro elementary school children attend school only 2 or 3 hours each day. During the first six years of his elementary school education a Negro child loses about 2,700 school hours. Despite these wide discrepancies in facilities, the school authorities have authorized twice as much money for new white school projects as for new Negro school projects.

DISCRIMINATION AGAINST or exclusion of Negroes from public swimming pools in New Jersey has been declared illegal by a decision in the New Jersey Superior Court in the Melba Valle case.

Melba Valle brought suit against the operators and owners of the Palisades Amusement Park for being denied the right to swim in what is claimed to be the "world's largest salt-water pool." The Committee on Racial Equality and the Workers Defense League provided legal representation to the plaintiff.

The Rutherford District Court, where the action was originally brought, held that the New Jersey civil rights law did not apply to swimming pools because it did not specifically mention swimming

pools as a place of public amusement. The judge also allowed the defendants to withdraw their demands for a jury trial over the objection of the plaintiff's attorneys. The withdrawal of the demand for a jury trial was made just a few minutes before trial. On appeal, the New Jersey Superior Court held that it was an abuse of discretion for the trial judge to allow the demand for the jury trial to be withdrawn at the last moment without the consent of the plaintiff. The more important part of the decision, however, was that relating to the application of the civil rights law to the swimming pool. With respect to this question, the Superior Court held that the statute applied to "any place of public accommodation, resort or amusement," in addition to those specifically mentioned in the statute.

This decision was made unanimously by three judges. The decision is particularly significant because courts generally have construed civil rights laws narrowly—they have held that such laws cover only the places of public accommodation specifically mentioned. It is expected that this decision will be influential in liberalizing the attitude of courts in the 17 other states which have civil rights laws, some of them very similar to the New Jersey law. (*State v. Rosecliff Realty Co.*, 62 A. 2d 488, 1948.)

FOR THE FIRST TIME in the memory of oldest court officials in Chattanooga, Tennessee, two Negroes were chosen at the end of 1948 as members of a jury which tried a Negro charged with burglary. In most southern cities names of Negroes are drawn from the box in which jury panels are selected, but they never actually serve as jurors, for, when called up to qualify as members of a trial jury, they consistently have been excused.

But this time in Chattanooga both the prosecutor and the defendant's counsel

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found two Negroes, one a textile plant worker, the other a tailor, satisfactory for jury service when their names were called. The two men took their seats among ten white men in the jury box and helped find the defendant guilty of selling and receiving stolen goods.

The News-Free Press commented editorially that "important history was made in Chattanooga" by this incident. The editor added: "and the courthouse didn't fall down. There was no earthquake or any other catastrophe. Life went on as usual."

IN OCTOBER 1948 the California Supreme Court, in a 4-3 decision, held the state miscegenation law unconstitutional (*Perez v. Lippold*, 198 P. 2d 17, 1948). The California law had declared that all marital relations of white persons with Negroes, Mongolians, members of the Malay race, or mulattoes, shall be illegal. There are similar laws in 29 other states.

In this connection it is interesting to note a case pending in Mississippi. Davis Knight, a young veteran who served in the Navy as a white man and later married a white woman, was convicted of miscegenation and sentenced to five years in the state penitentiary. This is believed to be the first conviction under the miscegenation law, which forbids marriage or cohabitation between white persons and those with at least one-eighth Negro blood. The defendant was married in April 1946, with the mayor of Ellisville officiating. Then people started to talk, and someone told his employer that he was a Negro. The absurdity of such a law is apparent when it is learned that the main issue at the trial was the ancestry of the defendant's great-grandmother, who was known as Rachel and who lived on the plantation of Captain Newt Knight, a picturesque character in Mississippi history. The state contended that Rachel was

a Negro, and witnesses were introduced to testify that she and her children were known as Negroes. Among the witnesses was the 89-year-old son of Captain Knight, who said that Davis Knight's grandfather was a son of Rachel. Defense witnesses testified that they believed Rachel was a Cherokee Indian. The Mississippi miscegenation law places no ban on marriages by white persons with members of any colored race except Negro and Mongoloid. When the defendant was drafted for military service, he was drafted as a white man, and his discharge papers listed him as white. The conviction has automatically voided the marriage. The Knights had no children, but if they had, the conviction of the father would have made the children illegitimate. An appeal from the conviction has been taken.

IN *LAW v. BALTIMORE* (78 F. Supp. 346, 1948), the plaintiff, an experienced Negro golfer, complained to the U.S. District Court that he and other Negroes had not been accorded equal facilities with white persons for the playing of golf. The city of Baltimore defended itself by showing that in accordance with the general Maryland policy of segregation of the races it had provided one municipal golf course exclusively for the use of Negroes, which, the city argued, considering the smaller number of Negro golfers than white golfers, affords substantially equal facilities to the Negroes. Judge Chesnut afforded legal relief to the plaintiff.

The court found that Baltimore maintains four public golf courses, three for white persons and one for Negroes. The white courses are each 18-hole courses of modern construction with a tract of surrounding landscape. The Negro course has only 9 holes and is in a generally commercial and industrial area.

While the Negro course is less crowded than the other golf courses, in that there

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are said to be only 100 Negro golfers in Baltimore as against more than 5,000 white golfers, the court found that the white courses were clearly superior, for most golfers desire to play at least 18 holes at one time. The court said that 2 successive rounds on a 9-hole course "tend to monotony rather than to variety of the types of play required for the use of different clubs." The court pointed out that another pleasurable feature of golf lies in the surrounding landscape, and in this regard the Negro golf course was inferior to the others. Golf, said the judge, is "made or marred by more collateral and possibly aesthetic conditions" than baseball or football.

Judge Chesnut held that the plaintiff has a personal constitutional right "to substantially equal facilities," and so it is not permissible for the law to say that "he must be satisfied with the inferior golf course because there are so comparatively few of his race who are qualified to appreciate and enjoy the opportunity of the game afforded by the better golf courses." The court held that on the evidence there was a showing that there was not substantial equality of facilities afforded by the city of Baltimore to the Negro golf players.

The court indicated, however, that the decision does not necessarily mean an end to segregation in the playing of golf in the city of Baltimore. The court intimated that the city might find a way out of the difficulty by continuing to reserve the 9-hole course for Negro players and by also affording them an opportunity to play at other municipal courses during certain hours of the day or on one or more days of the week reserved for Negroes exclusively. If this should be the course found desirable by the city authorities, the court said it would seem relevant for the Baltimore city authorities to consider the relatively small number of Negro

golfers when it considers the apportionment of time as between the two races.

IN HALL v. U.S. (168 F. 2d 161, 1948), three Negroes were tried for the murder of a white man and found guilty by the jury in the district court of the District of Columbia. All Negroes on the panel had been excluded from the jury by the exercise against them by government counsel of 19 of the 20 peremptory challenges authorized by law. Two of the defendants moved for a new trial on the ground that the action of the government counsel violated their rights under the Fifth Amendment. In a 2-1 decision the court held that the use of peremptory challenges to exclude all Negroes from the jury did not constitute a violation of the Fifth Amendment, and the convictions were affirmed.

A federal statute prohibits discrimination in choosing a jury panel for federal courts. The court held in this case that there was no discrimination in selecting the panel, since the government counsel acted within his rights in challenging members of the panel peremptorily. There is no constitutional right that one be tried by a jury including members of his own race. The dissenting judge found that there was racial discrimination, or at least a breach of the prosecutor's obligation of fairness. He based his findings on the assumption that challenging all Negroes from the jury in a particular case establishes discrimination solely because of race.

While proving discrimination in the exercise of peremptory challenges is difficult, it would seem that the dissenting judge was right in his statement of belief that challenging all Negroes from the jury in a particular case involving the trial of Negro defendants tends to establish discrimination solely because of race. The law ought not to indulge in a double

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standard: assume that white jurors will not favor a white defendant while Negro jurors would favor a Negro defendant, or that white jurors will not discriminate against a Negro defendant in the face of the widespread belief, based on fact, that many white persons are prejudiced against Negro defendants tried for criminal offenses.

"THE RIGHT OF AMERICAN INDIANS to vote in Arizona elections for state and federal officers has, after two decades, again arisen, like Banquo's ghost, to challenge us." Twenty years ago the Supreme Court of Arizona, by a divided vote, had denied Indians the right to vote on the ground that being wards of the federal government they were under "guardianship" within the constitutional provision denying franchise to persons under guardianship. That holding has now been overruled by a unanimous court, speaking through Justice Udall. "Persons under guardianship," within the constitutional provision, has no application to tribal Indians residing on a reservation, or to the federal status of Indians as a class, the court said, but means a judicially established guardianship. (*Harrison v. Laveen*, 196 P. 2d 456, 1948.)

IN DECEMBER 1948 the Navajo Indians held their tribal council in Window Rock, Arizona. One of the matters discussed was the exclusion of Indians from social security benefits in Arizona and New Mexico. Norman Littell of Washington, general counsel for the tribe, urged that the tribesmen take action against the states to compel payments due them under the social security law. For many months Arizona and New Mexico and the Social Security Commission have been at odds over the payment of social security benefits to Indians. Both states have argued that it would be an unbearable financial

burden to them, being comparatively poor and sparsely populated, to grant such benefits to Indians. The attorney for the Navajos has taken the position that federal social security funds should be shut off from both states unless they fulfill their obligations under the law to the Indians.

ON JANUARY 1, 1949, an order of the New Mexico Supreme Court went into effect which does away with the necessity for the publication of legal notices in Spanish-language newspapers in that state.

Up to that time the law required the publication of district and probate court notices in Spanish-language papers if any of the parties mentioned had a Spanish surname and if the action involved more than \$300. Until a few years ago all court proceedings in New Mexico were carried on in both English and Spanish. Now the order of the New Mexico Supreme Court does away with the necessity to publish legal notices in Spanish, and with this there passes from the state another link in its bilingual chain. It is expected that with the passing of such notices will probably pass some of the Spanish newspapers of that state, as the printing of legal notices was a considerable portion of their income. One-half of New Mexico's population, it is said, will nonetheless cling to its Spanish heritage, and perhaps even more closely than was true in the past.

SEGREGATION OF Mexican American children beyond the first grade in Texas public schools has been ruled a violation of the Fourteenth Amendment by the U.S. District Court. First-graders, according to the decision, may receive separate instruction while learning the English language, but beyond that year they are not to be segregated from the other children.

• The Bookshelf •

THE LITERATURE OF RACE RELATIONS

REVIEWS BY ROBERT M. CULLUM

Black Odyssey, by Roi Ottley (Scribner's. \$3.50), provides a lively and connected history of the Negro in America. With a newspaperman's instinct for noteworthy incident, Mr. Ottley finds it possible to compress an immense amount of pertinent anecdote and biographical material into short compass. His people are not abstractions, but very human, with faults as well as virtues. The whole is portrayed against a swiftly sketched but cogent account of the modifying general American scene. *Black Odyssey* doesn't strain to make a point; the subject matter is permitted to tell a story, which, if studded with injustice ranging from the trivial to the diabolic, is nevertheless one of forward movement and hope. "It is no disgrace to be colored," he quotes Bert Williams of the old Ziegfeld Follies, "but it's so inconvenient." Mr. Ottley believes that America's need to be consistent if she is to lead world democracy is now a factor that has "stacked the cards in their [the Negroes'] favor." His ending is editorial. After quoting a white writer, "The dignity of the individual, and his civil rights, must be defended always, but the real test today is the ability and desire of all of us to meet Americans as Americans and men as men," Mr. Ottley adds, "Otherwise, as one old Negro woman said, 'God gonna keep a-punishin' white folks!'"

In *North From Mexico—The Spanish-Speaking People of the United States* (Peoples of America Series. Lippincott. \$4), Carey McWilliams, an old and valued friend of COMMON GROUND, has again demonstrated his great capacity for

implanting in the minds of his audience his own intense concern for minority peoples, this time Mexican Americans. He presents an overwhelming array of facts covering the whole of the American Southwest and ranging in time from the Spanish Conquest to the present. Himself on the scene throughout the Los Angeles zoot-suit riots, one has the full sense of urgency with which Mr. McWilliams moved to help set up the California Councils for Civic Unity. He believes that only through improvement of day-to-day opportunities for equal access to employment and social outlets can the present inferior social relationships of the Spanish-speaking people be changed. Writing of the charge that "Mexicans are clannish and withdrawn," he states a central theme of *North From Mexico*: "Friendly, warm-hearted, and generous to a fault, it would be difficult to find a people more readily disposed to mingle with other groups than the Spanish-speaking people of the Southwest. Their 'inferiority complex' is really a misnomer for a defeatist attitude arising from their frustration at being unable to break out of the *colonia*." Of the future he is hopeful. The culture of the Spanish-speaking people—derived from a Spain of somewhat similar topography and climate, and from indigenous practices of the town-dwelling Indians—is too deeply set and too well adapted to environment to be "beaten out of the land." Recognition of the heroic World War II service of Spanish-speaking Americans and an increasing determination among many Anglo-Americans may yet make of the

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Southwest a firm bridge to Mexico and America del Sol.

America Divided, by Arnold and Caroline Rose (Knopf. \$4), provides a panoramic view of American racial, religious, and national minorities: their political, economic, and social position in American life today; the biological and psychological aspects of race; the causes of race prejudice, and its social consequences for both majority and minority groups. The treatment of this material is objective, fair, incisive, and up to date (March 1948). The topical organization is excellent; indeed, subheads from pertinent chapters would make a splendid outline for local community inquiry into race tensions. Scientific methodology and presentation—which is rigorous—suffers no indignity from a popular style. Providing sound and at times brilliant social analysis, this book is an addition of primary importance to the literature of race relations.

The Roots of Prejudice Against the Negro in the United States, by Naomi Friedman Goldstein (Boston University Press. Doctoral Thesis. \$2.50), traces the sources of the present climate of opinion toward Negroes in the United States to ideas put forward in defense of the legal institution of slavery, and finds these ideas to be a continuing source of prejudice building stereotypes and social punishments which support discrimination. Since law has thus contributed heavily to prejudicial American folkways, the suggestion is implicit that positive legislation may strongly assist in the change of attitudes and custom. The work contains clearly stated social concepts and much apparently newly unearthed source material; it will be of practical value to students of race relations. (Distributed by the Naomi Friedman Goldstein Foundation, 225 Broadway, New York, which will be glad upon

application to provide copies of the volume without cost to libraries and public institutions.)

The Social Politics of FEPC, by Louis Coleridge Kesselman (University of North Carolina Press. \$3.50), revolves around the National Council for a Permanent FEPC, its leadership, structure, and program in the 1945-46 campaign in Congress to enact FEPC legislation. It contains as well several chapters of specific if somewhat abstract observations on the fine art of lobbying. A primary cause of failure of the 1946 effort—in the author's view—came from the personality traits and ideological fixations of the National Council leadership; apparently he believes that inclusion of Communists in the FEPC movement would have made success more likely. Nowhere is there any discussion of the contents of the FEPC bills under consideration or any indication that Congressmen might have an interest in the form of legislation as apart from votes back home, or any clear picture of the social setting. (One is left at no pains to discover which among the Negro leaders he considers "statesmen" and which are prejudiced, unreliable, and stupid, but I can't say Mr. Kesselman's characterizations stick in my mind as valid.)

Written ostensibly for an adolescent niece and nephew, *Peoples of the Earth*, by Edwin R. Embree (Hinds, Hayden & Eldredge. 75¢), is an equally informative primer for adults. Being of common biological origin, the people of the earth, Embree makes plain, are of equal potentiality in intellect and the capacity for civilization, although of differing physical appearance, culture, and stage of development. This scientifically documented thesis, first put forth popularly by Ruth Benedict and Gene Weltfish in the pamphlet "The Races of Mankind," is here restated and considerably ex-

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panded by a top-ranking social scientist whose concern is that America move forward from a stage of barbarism in its race relations.

Most of the World, edited by Ralph Linton (Columbia University Press. \$5.50), brings together a distinguished group of anthropologists, sociologists, and a social geographer to provide brief but systematic treatment of the peoples, their culture and history, relations between races, the climate, topography, natural resources, agriculture and industry—in short the geopolitics—of Latin America with a special chapter on Brazil, Africa, the Near East, India and Pakistan, Southeast Asia and Indonesia, China and Japan. These areas of the world and their

peoples, until recently under European domination or hegemony, are today attached neither to western civilization nor to communism. In the introductory article, Linton writes, "Whether we like it or not, one world is today a functional reality, and the unification has gone far enough so that the peoples of the world must stand or fall together. . . . The purpose of this book is to give an accurate picture of conditions which exist in most of the world today in the hope that this may assist in the formation of public opinion and may provide a basis of sound knowledge for future planning." Popularly written, this volume is an excellent general reference with ample citation of source material for the specialist.

PUSHING BEHIND THE STEREOTYPES

REVIEWS BY HELEN PAPASHVILY

Most Californians are extremely fond of haciendas and patios, tamales, carved combs, mantillas, embroidered shawls, and fiestas. Unhappily this affection does not extend to the originators of these attractive items, the Mexican Americans themselves. They are too often only the poor relation in their very rich uncle's house. In *American Me* (Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowship Book. \$3.50) Beatrice Griffith has written a beautiful, moving, and challenging study of the younger generation of this minority group in a hostile world. Some of the material appeared earlier in *COMMON GROUND*. Now expanded and developed in three sections, *Smoke, Fire, and Phoenix*, she tells the story of the unrest in Southern California preceding the so-called zoot-suit riots, the riots, and then the ways and means too few people took to help

change the situation. Her chapters discuss factually the real problems that confront the young teen-agers of Mexican American families in relation to their church, their schools, their jobs, their neighbors, their families, and the law. Then to each chapter she adds a story from her rich store of experience to illustrate her point. This sounds as if it would be an awkward technique. In less skilled hands it might have been. But touched with Miss Griffith's artistry, the half fact, half fiction combine to make a whole and complete and shocking truth. This is the American tragedy: the tragedy of young people with a great capacity for happiness, who need so little to achieve it, yet are denied even that little. Loyalty tests are greatly in fashion these days. Here is a simple one. Read *American Me*. If you are overcome with shame at

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what has been done to these young charges of ours—if you are filled with a burning desire to see they have a better chance in the future, then you are a true believer in democracy.

No doubt the first sailor of Christopher Columbus' *Pinta* was ready to give the last man off the *Santa Maria* some pointers on how to walk, talk, and conduct himself in the new world; and Americanizing the newcomer has gone on ever since. As Number 545 of the Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law edited by the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia University, *The Movement to Americanize the Immigrant* (Columbia University Press. \$3.25), by Edward George Hartmann, is a scholarly, well documented study of the Americanization program in the second decade of this century. Beginning with the work of the North American Civic League, Mr. Hartmann traces the movement down to the period after the first World War, when federal and state institutions took over most of the work of individuals and private groups. He gives his reasons for the rise, growth, and decline of the movement; and his clear and objective summation of the results of the program cannot fail to interest and perhaps surprise any thoughtful reader. An excellent bibliography of almost 1,500 sources is included, with the material divided into two sections—favorable and unfavorable to the plan.

In twenty-eight charming essays, Dr. Lee M. Friedman tells little-known or long-forgotten stories of Jews in relation to their non-Jewish neighbors in the United States. His whole book, *Pilgrims in a New Land* (Jewish Publication Society of America and Farrar, Straus. \$4) is a delight from the first story that tells of Cotton Mather's attempt to write a post-biblical Jewish history to the last

page of notes and bibliography. There's an account of the building of Touro Synagogue in Newport (the state of Rhode Island helps pay the Rabbi); a fascinating study of the Jewish peddler in history; a fine chapter on Ernestine Rose, one of the first workers for women's rights; plus twenty-five more pieces selected and arranged to show the Jew in American history, in the process of adjustment, as part of the American spirit, and as a participant in American economic life. Dr. Friedman has the talent to recognize a story and the ability to tell it with clarity, drama, and humor. While this book is primarily intended for adults, the simplicity of the style would make it an ideal text for supplementary reading for students in American history.

The most surprising thing about *The Affairs of Dame Rumor*, by David J. Jacobson (Rinehart. \$5), is that someone didn't write it before. It's a book that's been long needed. Mr. Jacobson tells the history of the rumor—as a joke, as a symbol of fear, as a weapon. He shows how rumors start and grow and die only to reappear all over again in a new and better version. There is a section on tracing, controlling, and stopping (or trying to stop) rumor, and also a good bibliography. It's a fascinating book without a dull page in it.

There is a great amount written every day on anti-Semitism—why it exists, what it does, how it can be stopped. Jean-Paul Sartre's *Anti-Semite and Jew* (Schocken Books. \$2.75) is unusual because it offers some new ideas on the old theme. Mr. Sartre believes (and this may suffer from over-simplification) that no external factor can induce anti-Semitism in the anti-Semite. Anti-Semitism is the refuge (and the strength) of the limited and frightened man who wants the safety of mediocrity yet must have some kind of

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aristocracy no matter how false to keep his pride. The anti-Semite therefore creates the Jew. Mr. Sartre does not offer a solution to the problem, but he states the conditions under which a solution might be found. That is in "concrete liberalism," a system where all who contribute toward a country have full rights as citizens—as Jews, Arabs, Negroes—as concrete persons, not as, or dependent upon their changing to, potential members of the desired group. To attain "concrete liberalism" Mr. Sartre believes we need education, propaganda, basic laws, and an integrated society whose members feel bonds of solidarity and where the instruments of labor are owned collectively. Only a careful reading of the whole book can do justice to the author's

ideas. It is a thoughtful and a thought-provoking volume.

The Community Chest in the minds of many has but one problem—to get sufficient contributions each year to reach the announced goal. This achieved, no one has to worry, and everything is taken care of until the next campaign. Clarence King's *Organizing for Community Action* (Harper. \$3) dispels any such illusion and takes the reader behind the scenes to show that spending the Community Chest funds wisely is more difficult than raising them. In a series of typical problems faced by the average board and enlivened by actual case histories, Mr. King has done a handbook that should be read by every civic-minded citizen.

CURRENT FICTION

REVIEWS BY EDDIE SHIMANO

In her description of a Connecticut town, Bianca Bradbury, author of *The Curious Wine* (Beechhurst Press. \$2.75), is at her best. She writes with much sympathy of the New England natives, of their admirable traits and their contrasting narrowness. The theme of this book, a first novel, is anti-Semitism—and this is where the author is left with only her good intentions. The story is about Marty Townsend who marries Luke Beloff, a Jew, and returns to her home town where her husband plans to practice medicine. Her mother, the town arbiter of social standards and conduct, is the leading figure in the anti-Semitic attacks against her own son-in-law. It is easy to hate her; there was nothing likable about her even before the problem of anti-Semitism ever came up—and it is in this convenient stereotyping that Miss

Bradbury fails to write a worth-while book. Discrimination exists in all its evil and widespread ramifications not because only boors, the ignorant, or otherwise disagreeable people practice it. In *The Curious Wine* the mother moves to another town, virtue triumphs, and no one has been really changed in any way.

In another part of the world, the color problem exists with all its violence unchecked. Peter Abrahams writes of this with great feeling in *The Path of Thunder* (Harper. \$2.75), and the story of a white girl and a colored (mixed blood) man in South Africa will strike a familiar note to Americans.

While not essentially a story of intermarriage, Alice Tisdale Hobart's *The Cleft Rock* (Bobbs-Merrill. \$3) touches on the conflict between a father who believed in Anglo-Saxon superiority and

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a son who married a Russian refugee in Manchuria. More important, the novel is about agricultural California, and the author, a discerning observer and an honest writer, neither ignores nor glosses over the relation of the Mexican to California life.

John W. Wilson in *High John the Conqueror* (Macmillan. \$2.50) follows in the best tradition of white southern novelists who are imbued with conscience and a recognition of the dignity of man. The hopeless future of the uneducated Negro is told in this story of Cleveland and Ruby Lee Webster, a young Negro couple farming in the Brazos country of Texas.

The South is also the locale in *Seraph on the Suwanee* (Scribner's. \$3), Zora Neale Hurston's novel of a poor white and her marriage to a man whose ancestors once owned huge plantations before the Civil War. It gives a few glimpses of the Negro workers' relationship to the white

boss. It has the other incidental interest of being a literary dissection of southern white culture by an anthropologist, an authority on folk cultures, who happens to be a Negro.

Harlem Story (Prentice-Hall. \$2.50) by John Hewlett is, of course, about Harlem. Whose conception of Harlem Mr. Hewlett is writing about, however, is questionable—mostly it sounds like Octavus Roy Cohen's. The theme is about "passing."

James Bronson goes to Texas just across the Rio Grande from Mexico for a rest in *Crosswinds* (Houghton Mifflin. \$2.75) by Martha Cheavens, but he soon finds himself very active in trying to keep an unemployed Mexican from being railroaded to the electric chair. And, too, he meets Jacob Stein, the only Jew in this Texas town, who in his twenty years there has never been invited to anybody's home and misses homemade noodle soup "like his mother used to make."

AMERICAN—PEOPLE AND REGIONS

REVIEWS BY HELEN PAPASHVILY

Justice Hugo Black has puzzled many in their attempt to reconcile the politician, an admitted Ku Klux Klan member, with the man who has been one of the most liberal members of the Supreme Court. *Mr. Justice Black, the Man and His Opinions*, by John P. Frank (Knopf. \$4), does not provide a solution. Perhaps this is because the book is not a comprehensive biography (the author hopes to do that later) but is, instead, a short sketch of a hundred thirty pages followed by excerpts from less than ten per cent of Justice Black's decisions. One is left still eager to know what happened to the man who in 1923 told the Klan he had been

elected "by men who believe in the principles that I have sought to advocate and which are the principles of this [the Klan] organization," yet in 1947 voted to allow school buses supported by public taxes to carry children to parochial schools, and handed down a decision that should ensure fair trials and no third degree "for those who might otherwise suffer because they are helpless, weak, outnumbered, or because they are non-conforming victims of prejudice and public excitement."

In *American Spiritual Autobiographies*, edited by Louis Finkelstein (Harper. \$4), fifteen persons chosen not for occupation

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or eminence but for spiritual effectiveness have done their own self-portraits, with more or less success. Mr. Finkelstein's plan in conception was an interesting one, but it did not work out too well, probably because of the limited amount of space at each contributor's disposal and also because of a lack of common understanding as to what constitutes a spiritual autobiography. Some are truly a record of the subject's spiritual heredity, environment, and development (those of Milburn Lincoln Wilson and Mrs. Mary McLeod Bethune, for example). Others are scarcely more than an elaboration on their Who's Who entry.

Tomorrow Is Beautiful, by Lucy Robins Lang (Macmillan. \$3.50), is the author's account of her life in the United States from the time she arrived at the century's turn until the present. She came with her parents, emigrants from the Ukraine, to a life of poverty and hard work in Chicago, enlivened only by a session at night school and some visits to Hull House. There is a fine little story here when Miss Addams meets the matriarch of the family in a great Battle of the Cultures. Working in a cigar factory, the author met a group of anarchists and, influenced by their beliefs, married a young man, Bob Robins, by civil contract, to the delight of the Sunday supplements for some time to come. Active in the labor movement in both an official and an unofficial capacity, she was for a time Samuel Gompers' assistant, knew Eugene Debs, William Green, and many others in the movement, and in her travels back and forth in the U.S. met Emma Goldman, Alexander Berkman, Jack London, Joe Hill—the list is long and reads like a Roster of Radicals. Unfortunately a tone of smug complacency throughout the book detracts very greatly from what Mrs. Lang has to say, and this reader longed for an editorial blue pencil.

Burl Ives, as everyone knows who has listened to a record player, a radio, or has been to the movies, is a folk singer; and in his fine book, *Wayfaring Stranger* (Whittlesey House. \$3.50), he tells how it happened—for folk singers in this day and age are made, not born. There are of course many definitions of the term "folk singer," and great controversy rages in some circles over who is entitled to use it. But Burl Ives, who has given great joy to many people not only by singing to them but by encouraging them to collect and sing for themselves, surely deserves the title: only a true folk singer could have felt and written this: "Through me, like a current, emotion and words and story flowed. Between the audience and me I lifted poetry and music as one would hold up a fine and rare jewel for all to behold."

Edwin Valentine Mitchell's *Yankee Folk* (Vanguard Press. \$3) offers an assortment of tales as gay and bright as the contents of an old button box and about as useful. Something to take up and examine for their oddity and historical sentiment and then put back. There are chapters on Yankees who published, tinkered, star-gazed, and whittled, and we meet a pirate, some bank robbers, the inevitable hermit, and the usual bevy of professional eccentrics, and are treated to some odds and ends of history, all done in Mr. Mitchell's "once over lightly" style, the whole embellished with contemporary woodcuts.

Pine, Potatoes and People (Norton. \$3) is the story of Aroostook County, Maine, told with sympathy and understanding by Helen Hamlin, whose roots are deep in the region. Whether she is talking about potato raising, logging, the French-Canadians, or just describing a typical family in the area, she communicates her enthusiasm and shares her love for her home with the reader.

JUVENILES FOR UNDERSTANDING

REVIEWS BY M. MARGARET ANDERSON

It is encouraging to observe the interest of publishers of juveniles in the area of better American intergroup understanding. If some of the new volumes still tend to exploit the exotic, the picturesque, and the different in transplanted cultures and perhaps quite unintentionally help set groups apart rather than integrate them into American life, a growing number are making a real try at portraying the essential likeness of all the people who make up our population. The characters in these books are American children in American families; they are the heroes of the tales not just because they happen to be of Negro or Italian or Mexican or Scottish descent, or of the Catholic or Jewish faith, but because they have a story worth writing about: they are faced with common human problems and solve them with the skill and courage, the wit and persistence we like to think of as typically American. Color or nationality background or creed may add an extra obstacle and give added story interest to hurdles successfully overcome, but the basic problems are those with which most American children of whatever background can identify themselves.

There are, of course, many pitfalls for the unwary writer and publisher pioneering in this field. While they are busy undoing the popular stereotype of one group, they may all unconsciously slip into the sin of stereotyping other groups to which swift reference is made—ironic commentary on the possessive power of the stereotypes our past reading has built up in us as adults, and from which we can hope our youngsters will grow up free.

Of the recent juveniles I have examined, I would unqualifiedly recommend *Skid* by Florence Hayes (Houghton

Mifflin. \$2.50. 9-14). Skid moves with his family from Georgia to a Connecticut suburban town, from warm and easy friendships and the captaincy of his school baseball team to the loneliness of being “the new boy” in a new school, and—more than that—the only Negro boy. How he readjusts to the situation, how he overcomes the initial hostility of his white schoolmates and wins acceptance, is the theme of Miss Hayes’ story. It is so well done, so revealing in an oblique and effectively casual fashion of certain facets of Jim Crow in the South, like inadequately equipped Negro schools and the humiliations of segregated travel, so deft in portraying the northern whites who think in stereotypes about all Negroes and those others who see human beings simply as human beings and act accordingly, so alive in its presentation of this warmly knit, middle-class Negro family that white adults as well as boys and girls can read the book with interest and profit.

Another good job is Enid La Monte Meadowcroft’s *By Secret Railway* (Crowell. \$3. 9-12). A story of the Underground Railroad, its very setting assures pace, adventure, and excitement. Young David Morgan’s rescue, with the help of “conductors” on the Underground, of Jim, a colored boy once freed but kidnapped from Chicago by slave-catchers and sold down South again, is swift-moving historical fiction. The development of real friendship between the two boys gives the story added importance. But I must add that Miss Hayes’ book and the contemporary problem she poses in *Skid* is more important. It will be easy for the average white youngster to identify himself with David in rescuing Jim

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on the Underground, easy to convince himself he would have done the same had he been living then; heroism on the grand scale is always easier than heroism of the unromantic variety Miss Hayes offers the boys of Skid's Connecticut classroom (and the boys of all the other classrooms in the North). It is always easier to effect physical rescue than social, to solve race relations vicariously in books than to make a Negro one's friend now.

With an 1893 Carolina seacoast setting, *Sea Change* by Kathryn Worth (Doubleday. \$2.25. 12-16) concerns 16-year-old Kristy Nicholson's first experience with religious prejudice and her groping through the surface society life by which she is surrounded for values she can trust. Her secret romance with young Francis O'Hanlon, one of an Irish American construction crew in the neighborhood, brings her into understanding contact for the first time with a Catholic and a "foreigner," both taboo in her stratum of Anglo-Saxon life. That the affair is for the most part sub rosa and pretty sentimentalized and never necessitates any real showdown with her family on principles makes one wonder about the ultimate effectiveness of the experience.

A new series of books with important possibilities is Winston's "Land of the Free," each volume to concern a different national group which came to find freedom in the United States—a series similar in purpose to the Houghton Mifflin-Clara Judson books. *Seven Beaver Skins* (Winston. \$2.50. 12 and up) by Erick Berry, who is to edit the entire series, is the first of these. It is the story of the Dutch along the Hudson in New Amsterdam, the early beaver trade, and the growth of the settlements. It has both Indians and romance, intrigue and suspense, and—what is possibly new—a hero who is a falconer. The lore of falconry will probably charm young readers

as it did the Indians. Miss Berry's treatment of the Indians, as of the Dutch, is carefully fair: they are well individualized, good and bad being portrayed in both groups. I was troubled, however, that her one Negro, van Rensselaer's servant Andries, is almost completely the conventional stereotype of slowness and laziness.

The second in the same series is Elsie Singmaster's *I Heard of a River* (Winston. \$2.50. 12 and up), the story of the German-Swiss Mennonites of Pennsylvania, and not as successful a job as *Seven Beaver Skins*, I think. About a third of the book is given over to the European background of the group in the period after the Thirty Years' War. The American section seems to me pretty conventional in treatment and will probably offer little that is new to any youngster who has read much pioneer fiction.

The Palomino Boy by Don and Betty Emblem (Viking. \$2) is an unsatisfying, slow-moving story about a Mexican American orphan, Juan, whose dog and horse and the Palomino Valley are his life. Discrimination? Yes, vaguely, like a fog he cannot penetrate, until with the advent of a Negro boy in school he realizes it is based on color. With his added realization that a black horse might be just as good as his white one, he comes to understand the absurdity of color prejudice. For the white boys to have realized this would have been more to the point; Juan's understanding of the absurdity will not much help his economic survival. But beyond this the authors do not go, and, for this reader at least, Juan's story has just begun.

Another book dealing with Mexican Americans is *Juanita*, written and illustrated by Leo Politi (Scribner's. \$2.50-8). With beautiful pictures and simple text, it tells the story of Juanita's fifth

birthday party and the blessing of the animals—among them Juanita's white dove—on Olvera Street in Los Angeles, the Saturday before Easter. Lovely as the book is physically, here is the juvenile that exalts the quaint and picturesque, with never a hint that life is not all white doves and rose-colored dresses and lullabies for one of the most underprivileged groups in the American population.

Isabel Couper McLelland's *Ten Beaver Road* (Henry Holt. \$2.50) brings the McTavishes—Mother, Father, and three youngsters—from Scotland to Oregon in 1910. Not at all sure they want to stay here for good, they have carefully laid aside money enough for their return passage. How they gradually become attached to America in spite of difficulties—chief among them their being swindled out of their money reserve—is the theme of Miss McLelland's lively and satisfying story. So far as I know, there is little current material on the Scottish in the United States, and this book by Miss McLelland, herself of Scottish descent, should be very welcome.

Pinto's Journey by Wilfrid S. Bronson (Messner. \$2.50. 8-10) is the story of Pinto, a little Indian boy who—like all little boys—longs to be grown-up and do a man's work. How he saves the family fortunes and proves his courage and resourcefulness by finding the secret turquoise mine only his grandfather knows about (though he is now too old to go there himself), and bringing back the turquoise stones for his grandfather to fashion into jewelry, is an exciting and swiftly told story.

Joe Magarac and his U.S.A. Citizen Papers by Irwin Shapiro (Messner. \$2. 10-14) won the Julia Ellsworth Ford Foundation Award in 1948. It concerns Joe Magarac, the legendary hero of the steel mills, a "hunky" who wanted to become an American citizen, who cared

enough about this country to melt himself down into a girder for a "Congressman Building in Washington, D.C." How he got furious when he overheard a Senator and Congressman berating "foreigners" and suggesting they "go back where they came from," how he got so hot with anger he melted himself out of the girder, toppled the building, and confronted the dazed legislators with the threat to take back with him to the Old Country all the steel rails he had ever made; how he was stopped from ripping them up only by the Boss Congressman himself, who took him to the Capitol where he was made a citizen of the U.S.A.—all this is the stuff of a wonderful American folk tale.

Three books on Puerto Rico bring the people of that island closer to our children on the mainland. *Ricardo's White Horse* by Alice Geer Kelsey (Longmans, Green. \$2.25. 10-14) is one of two by this author. A very believable youngster, Ricardo is the son of a Puerto Rican road-keeper, who manages to have a lot of fun between school and chores at home with a wild and spirited horse his uncle gives him. When his father is hurt, Ricardo measures up to his responsibility by taking over Don Manuelo's stretch of the road, to keep him in the contest for the best road-keeper in the island. The book is a good job in building understanding of Puerto Rico, yet here are Mrs. Kelsey and the publishers, with the best goodwill in the world, falling into the stereotype trap. Says Mrs. Kelsey, suddenly, "The fighting blood of his Spanish ancestors, who discovered Puerto Rico and fought against all comers to hold it, urged Ricardo to strike Tingo—fast and hard. The gentle blood of his Indian ancestors, the meek Arawaks who were absorbed by the Spaniards centuries ago, held his hand a minute. The happy-go-lucky blood of his Negro ancestors, who had been

brought from Africa as slaves, made him break into a sudden and surprising grin" (my italics).

Mingo of the Merry-go-round, also by Alice Geer Kelsey, was written for the Friendship Press (\$1.50. 9-12) for the specific use of study groups in American Sunday Schools and is therefore slanted to reveal the practical work being done in Puerto Rico by American church groups. As young Mingo accompanies a traveling carnival around the island, he comes to know of an agricultural college, a hospital, a neighborhood house with clubs for boys like him, schools, and so on—all supported by such church groups; and we come to know of the great need for this kind of work. For the same audience is *Rosita, A Little Girl of Puerto Rico*, by Jeanette Perkins Brown (Friendship Press. 75¢), a tiny book telling of Rosita's life and how eagerly she waited for the Three Kings on their camels to bring her her Christmas gifts—the Puerto Rican variation of the traditional Christmas legend. I would like to add a word here about the continuing careful attempts of the Friendship Press to bring out interpretive and usable material on American minority groups, its steady implementation of the conviction that the churches must concern themselves with the extension of democracy to include all Americans.

A Rocket in My Pocket, by Carl Withers, with delightful illustrations by Susanne Suba (Henry Holt. \$3.50. For all ages), brings together the folklore of American children—chants, tongue-twisters, counting-out songs, riddles, etc. From the initial

I scream, you scream,
We all scream for ice cream.
to the final
If this book should chance to roam,
Box its ears and send it home.
it is a joy, bringing (to an adult) flooding

recollections of treasure only half remembered. A fine essay on folklore, directed at adults, winds up the book. I must add that the book is a joy to CG from other angles: its jacket and illustrations picture Negro children as well as white children, as ordinary phenomena of the American scene—a thing outsiders could never guess from most American books; and the counting-out songs go

Eenie, meenie, minie, mo,
Catch a tiger by the toe. . . .

Other Young Americans by Delia Goetz (Morrow. \$3.50) is a fine factual book for the high-school level, telling how boys and girls this age live in the countries south of the border. Miss Goetz describes their homes, their schools and curricula, their sports and jobs, social customs, clothes, food, and holidays in a vivid and straightforward manner, stressing similarities and explaining the reasons behind differences. Good photographic illustrations.

You and the Constitution of the United States, by Dr. Paul Witty and Julilly Kohler, illustrated by Lois Fisher (Children's Press. Throop and Monroe Streets. Chicago. \$1.50. 9 and up), takes off from a prize essay by a high school senior, Graham Finney, on "What America Means to Me," to tell how the American Constitution developed and, in simple language, what its main provisions are.

Carl Carmer's *For the Rights of Men* (Hinds, Hayden and Eldredge. \$2) tells vividly the stories of the great fighters in the long American struggle to widen civil liberties—people like Andrew Hamilton, John Peter Zenger, Bill Prendergast, Thomas Paine, Thomas Jefferson, the eight humble shoemakers, Matt Lyon, William Lloyd Garrison, Elijah Lovejoy, and John Peter Altgeld. For junior and senior high school students, though adults will also find it rewarding.

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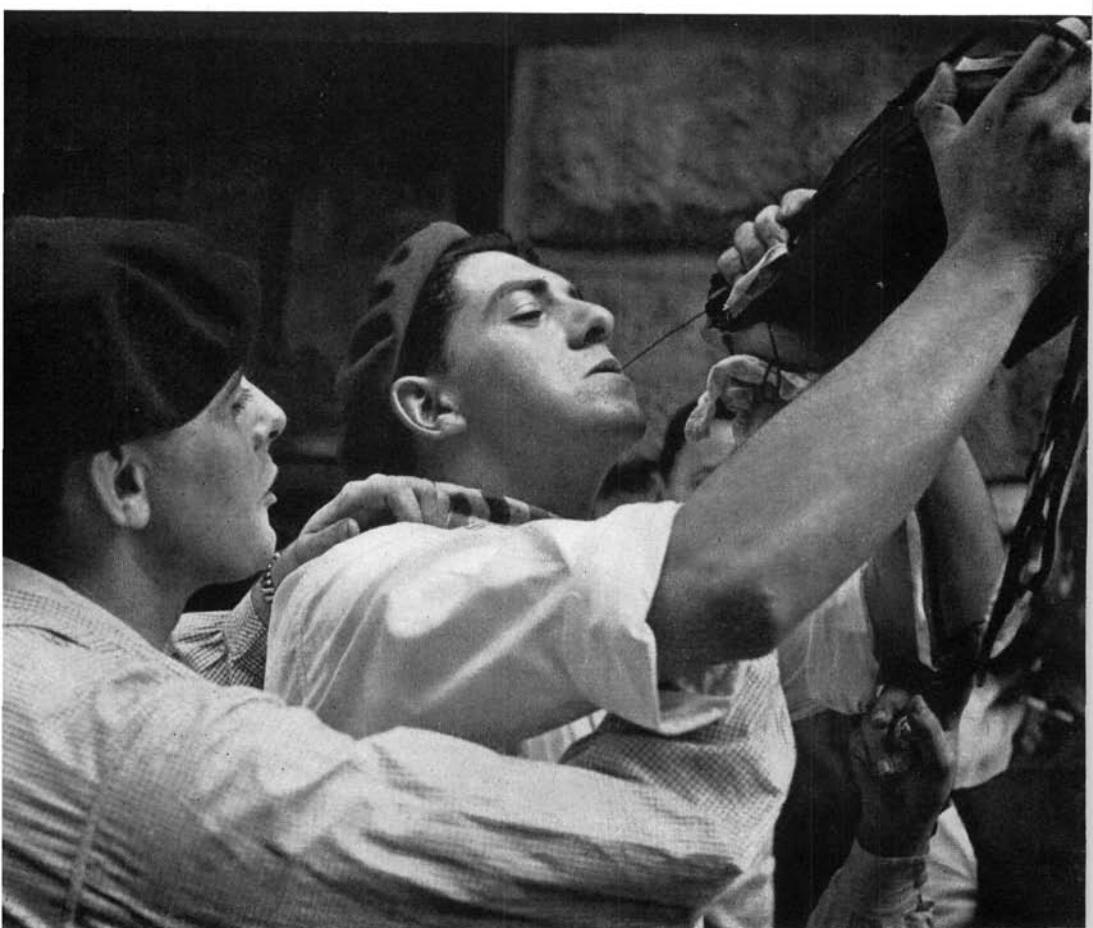
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